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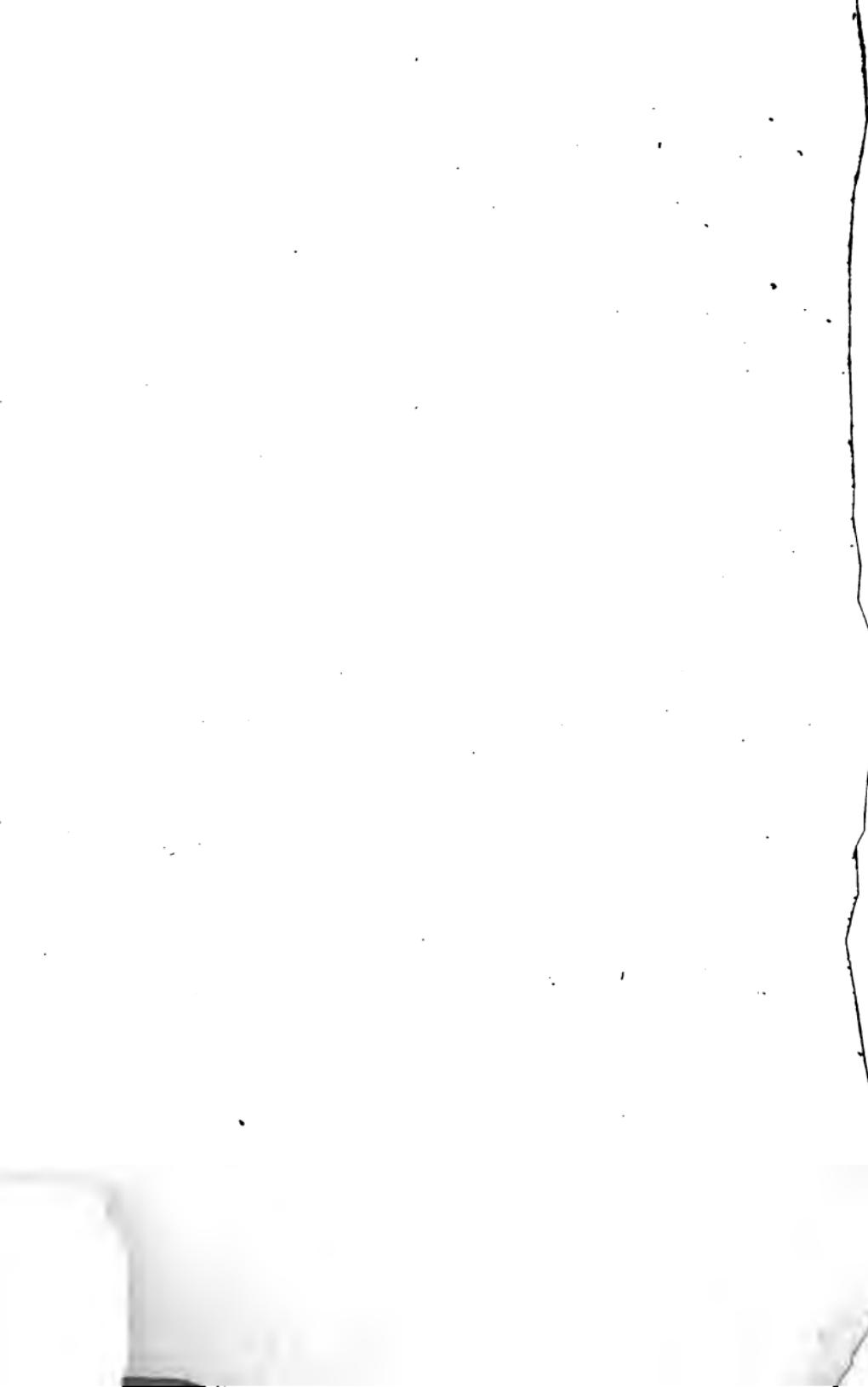


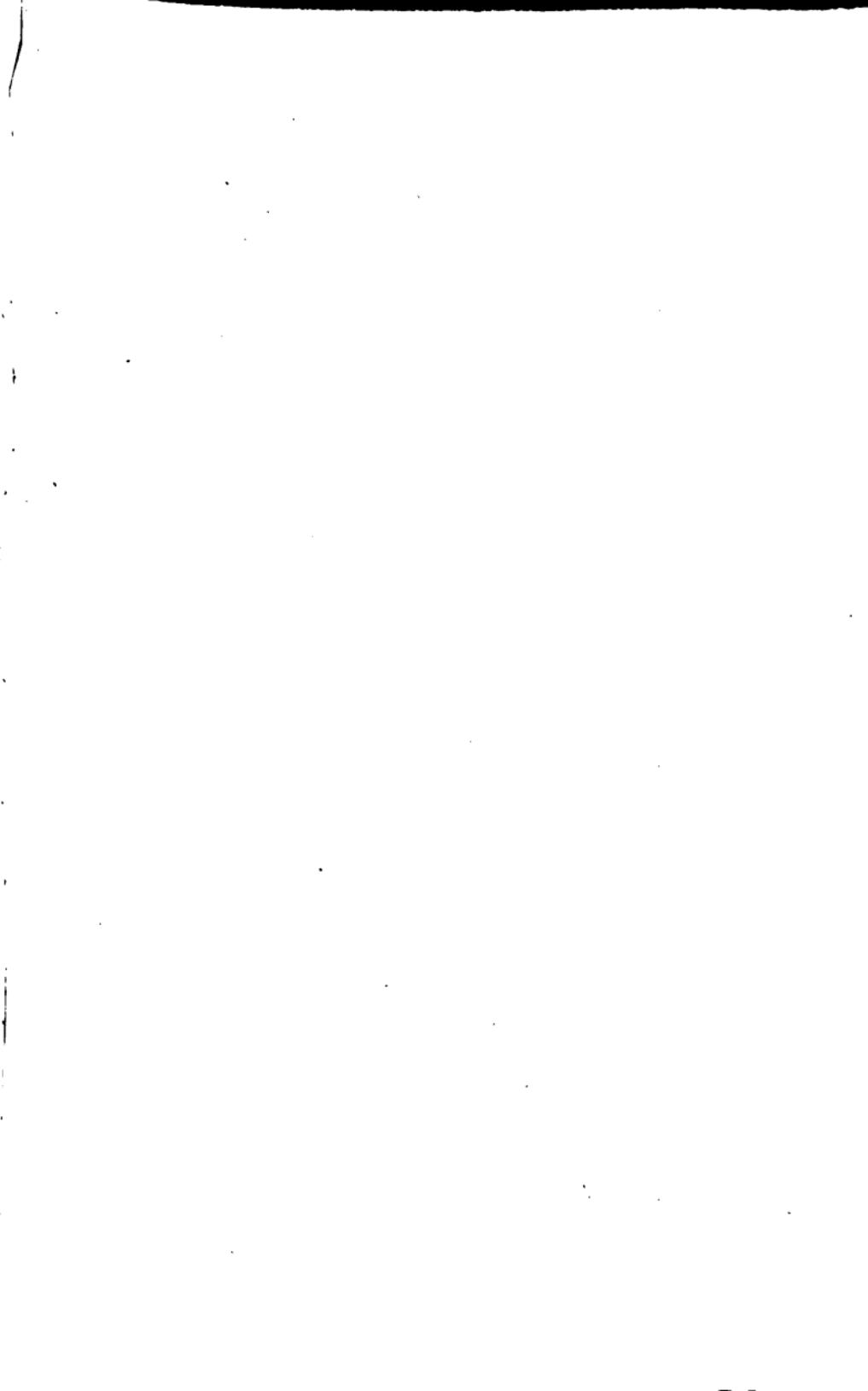


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SKETCHES AND TALES.

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SKETCHES AND TALES

BY

THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

AUTHOR OF "POEMS AND SONGS;"

"HISTORY OF THE FOREST OF ROSENDALE;" &c.



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SKETCHES AND TALES.

LANCASHIRE FACTORY DOFFERS.

THE Factory Doffers of Lancashire are an institution in themselves, and one with which it is not likely we can ever dispense. I speak of them as "Lancashire Factory Doffers," as though this class of workers were peculiar to that county, because my experience of other cotton manufacturing districts and towns is not sufficiently extensive to enable me to say whether the *genus* "Doffer" flourishes elsewhere in the same perfection, and with the like characteristics.

It is scarcely possible, I think, to live for any length of time in their vicinity without being struck with the singularities which the Factory Doffers exhibit. For the information of any one reading this sketch to whom the name "Doffer" and the office it implies are strange, I must describe the peculiar vocation of the *genus* in the labour economy of Lancashire. The Doffers, then, are lads employed exclusively in the throstle room of the cotton factory. Their work consists in removing the full bobbins from the spinning frame, (hence the name "Doffer" *i.e.*, to doff, or divest) and supplying their places with empty bobbins to receive the yarn as it is spun. This they accomplish with a dexterity that beats conjuring. For a stranger visiting a cotton mill there is no greater treat than to show him the Doffers at work. When the process of doffing is being performed, the machine, of course, is stopped, and consequently is not producing any yarn; so, to stimulate

the boys to greater rapidity at their work, and thus increase the productiveness of the machinery, they are allowed to spend the intervals between the several doffings in exercise out of doors, or in any other way they choose, always provided they don't go beyond earshot of the "throstle jobber," who is a kind of "bo's'n" in this particular department of the mill. The quicker they perform their duties, the more time they have to themselves; hence the amount of liberty and leisure the lads enjoy, and which they usually spend in the open air outside the factory gates, but within call of the said jobber or undergaffer, who summonses them with a whistle to their work as often as their services are required. Employers are thus wise in their generation. Liberty is one of the finest stimulants to well-doing that human nature knows, especially juvenile human nature; money reward is subsidiary to it, but that comes next, though youth holds it in scant estimation.

The complement of efficient Doffers required in a cotton mill, containing, say, ten thousand throstle spindles, is from ten to twelve; and so in proportion as the spindles are less or more in number. The number depends to some extent on the counts of yarn spun; but generally the proportion given may be taken as correct. In addition to the required staff of skilled boys, there are usually two or three new lads, or "greenhorns," being initiated into the mysteries of the craft: these latter, who may be termed recruits, lead a hard life during their term of probation until admitted to the rank of full private in the corps. I suppose the initiatory rites to which they have to submit are almost as severe as those which we are accustomed to associate with the mysteries of freemasonry.

"The Devil's Own" the Doffers are sometimes called. The title is a misnomer; they

have more of mischief pure and simple than evil in their composition. They consist chiefly of poor folks' lads, and, as a rule, have little, thin, delicate faces, and bodies to match—they are not usually over-fed—but they possess an amount of animal spirits perfectly wonderful to observe. The spiritual and the intellectual in their case appear to predominate over the corporeal to a marvellous extent. Nevertheless, and it is a curious circumstance, though their abandonment to frolic is as complete and intense as can well be imagined, it will be noticed that they have for the most part a careworn expression of countenance that appears an incongruity when observed in connection with their years and general habits. “Imps,” I have heard them described; the nickname is a libel upon the clan. They are unwashed and unkempt human fairies; “bobbin and spindle elves” they might with propriety be designated. They reciprocate kindnesses, and are always

ready to rally round a friend in difficulty ; he must be a friend, however ; woe to the man who places them at a disadvantage, or attempts to circumscribe their privileges ! These are the chief characteristics of the fairy ; not so the imp, he is an incorrigible ingrate.

A friend has suggested to me that in the Doffer the missing link desiderated by Darwin has been found at last ; judged by their mischievous pranks, one might almost be led to conclude that such is the fact. An account of all the practical jokes of the Factory Doffers would fill a big volume, nay, I verily believe it would occupy a serial devoted to that subject alone, for their originality and fecundity in mischief are amazing. The "Tear-boys" are sometimes compared with the Doffers. The comparison is not happy. The contrast between the two is such as to strike any ordinary observer ; and the careful student of the ways

of each would detect still greater differences. The training of the two, if we will consider for a moment, has been quite of an opposite kind. The Tear-boys have less liberty, and from their closer and more constant association with men in their daily employment—men who frequently lead dissolute lives—they have imbibed much of the cunning and carriage of riper years, thus detracting from the freshness, the frankness, and the loveableness of youth. In his habits, too, the Tear-boy is slower, not so agile, not so vivacious. This is due in some degree to the nature of his work ; it is more deliberate than that of the other ; but it also comes of his constantly wearing clogs. The Doffer, save in the depth of winter, is as often barefooted as not. I don't make this comparison in disparagement of the Tear-boy, as a boy ; but as explaining the effect of the surroundings of his daily employment upon his undeveloped, but growing character, all of which serve to mould and

fashion it. His surroundings are his misfortune, not his fault, and it is undeniable that these are not, as a rule, conducive to the forming of good habits. It may be said that neither are the circumstances of the Doffer such as to encourage the growth of desirable habits. That is true, no doubt, but his faults are negative to a large extent, the positive disadvantages that cling to the lot of the other are absent in his case.

I have been an eye-witness of many practical jokes by the different bands of Doffers at various times ; one only I will mention that was played by a number of them upon an unsuspecting carter. He had got a cart load of coals, which he was leisurely conveying to their destination along one of the bye streets ; having occasion to call at a house on the way, he left his horse and cart standing by the road side. A swarm of Doffers from a neighbouring mill espied the

situation, laid their heads together for a moment or two, and then came running stealthily up to the cart, undid all the gears save what barely supported the cart from falling so long as the horse remained fairly quiet. Having completed their arrangements they as quietly retired, and took their stand at a cautious distance behind the gable end of a house, whence in safety they could reconnoitre the enemy. It was an enjoyable picture to me who was in the secret, and for very mischief kept it, to see half a score little greasy, grinning faces, peeping from past the house end, expectation beaming from every wicked eye. The unwitting carter at length appeared upon the scene, and, giving a brisk crack of his whip, had scarce got the "awe-woy" from his lips, when Dobbin, laying his shoulders to his work, ran forward with an involuntary trot for ten or fifteen yards, whilst the cart shafts came with sudden shock to the ground, and a row of cobs that had barricaded the

smaller coal, flew shattering over the cart head into the street; fortunately no damage resulted—the shafts by a miracle stood the shock. The amazement of the victim of the trick may be imagined but scarcely described. He gazed with open mouth at the catastrophe, and his fingers naturally found their way to his cranium, which he scratched in perplexity. The knot of jubilant faces at the street corner in the distance soon supplied the key to his difficulty. The truth flashed upon his mind: “Devilskins!” he muttered, and seizing one of the biggest cobs he could grasp in his hand, he let fly at vacancy; for before you might say “Jack Robinson,” the mischievous elves had vanished with a war-whoop, and ere the missile had reached the ground, were most probably knee deep in their next adventurous exploit.

The imitative powers of the Doffers are something extraordinary. To me it used to be

a sight at once admirable and amusing to view them parading the streets by way of parodying the famous rifle band of the town after any occasion of competitive success. To listen to the music which they contrived to evoke from out of a few tin whistles and a waste-can, accompanied by the singing of the non-instrumentalists, was in every way calculated to awaken the risible faculties of the demurest of mortals.

What becomes of them at last is often a subject of wonder to me. They cannot all bud up and eventually blossom into cotton mill managers, or even throstle gaffers ; though from the sympathy they evoke, and the licence that is accorded to them, one would almost believe that their taskmasters had a kindly recollection of the time when they were Doffers themselves. I don't know whether any of them in the course of their after life have attained to the rank of

capitalists: I have not actual cognizance of such a fact; but I strongly suspect that if some of our self-made Lancashire manufacturers could be induced to write their autobiography, it would be found that their earliest experiences of the world in general, and of factory life in particular, were learnt whilst sitting astride of a buffalo box, in front of a throstle frame. If such is the fact, it is not to their discredit, but the contrary, for certainly they might have had a worse training.





THOMAS CHATTERTON,
“The Marvellous Boy.”

“Rash Minstrel ! who can hear thy songs
 Nor long to share thy fire ?”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IT requires no extensive research to discover that misfortune in regard to genius is the centre of a mighty circle whose boundary embraces some of the noblest of our species. Noble, when we review the fruits they have left behind them, and when we remember that they were rulers in the empire of Mind ; in

many instances, in the majority of instances, though scarcely so in the case of Chatterton, making war against darkness, error, and deformity in all their phases, and erecting the battlement of truth, to mantle it with the mild light of beauty and grace.

The valley of misfortune is a deep, and wide, and dark valley, thickly strewn with the bones, the sinews, the nerves and the marrow, of genius. We may, in imagination, wander as far back as the days of old Melesigenes, Homer, the blind, as the name denotes, the great epic poet of ancient Greece. We can listen to him as he chants his heroic stanzas, touching war, and beauty, and love, and we can at the same time gauge the sorrowful vacuity of his purse, for emptiness was its most frequent tenant; or we may pry into his wallet, and note the solitary crust that is to strengthen once again the feeble bands which hold that poor, weak

and despised frame to the spirit of fire that is
enshrined within :

“ Seven cities now contend for Homer, dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

But not the poet alone of all others, the statesman and the philosopher have alike been the victims of adversity. Taking a long stride towards our own time, we come in contact with Galileo, the philosopher of the seventeenth century. He is gazing through his rudely constructed telescope—that first of telescopes—what a relic its possession would be in these days ! He is gazing through this father of telescopes at the moons of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn, never before made visible to mortal ken. He has just discovered that the “milky way” is composed of an infinite number of starry particles—suns of systems in all probability. The idea of that instrument which we call the thermometer has flashed across his

mind. We listen to his arguments; his demonstrations are correct. Is he reverenced for his mighty discoveries, big with future promise? Surely he is considered as a benefactor of his species. No such thing! Trace the course of events for a few more years; persecution is heavy upon him. His poor old shoulders bow beneath a great load of trouble; care has left its impression upon his features, and he sinks into the grave with a broken spirit. It is the oft enacted tragedy, "Genius and Misfortune."

We know the fate of Columbus, the great discoverer; a man of stern fortitude and unflinching courage; who turned a dauntless breast to difficulties, and brushed obstructions from his path. Neglect and penury did the work that more apparent hardships failed to do, and darkened his latter days.

In our own country we have a Raleigh—poet,

statesman, courtier, soldier, and navigator, sadly unfortunate. We have Collins, despised as a madman, until a madman he becomes at last. We have Ferguson and Burns and Keats and Shelley and Sheridan and Haydon, unfortunate. How passing strange are the anomalies of human nature ! What an inexplicable volume of contradictions it is possible the life of a mortal may present. The soul most alive to the benign influences exhibited in creation ; that bathes oftenest in the sea of refined intellectual enjoyment, is frequently the butt of untoward and darkly depressing circumstances. We will not—we dare not—say that the misdeeds of many of the children of genius have not drawn down upon their own heads the dark thunder-cloud of calamity ; nay, we hold that mortals may in a great measure, by their own unaided exertions, erect the barricade of a noble determination, and hinder the encroachments of the overwhelming waves of adversity.

It is cheering to think that examples of the nature to which we have alluded are becoming rarer. We are, it is true, occasionally startled by the sound of the damp, dull sod, as it falls upon the shell that contains the dust of genius,

“Nipt i’th’ bud, or blasted in the prime,”

but such examples in these days occur at greater intervals. Talent and genius receive more equitable remuneration, and command the esteem of mankind in a higher degree than formerly. That excellent feature of modern days, the Art Exhibition, in its extended development has been the means of brightening the obscurity of many a studio, and raising the poor artist to fame and independence. There are, doubtless, thousands yet who, as they have done aforetime, will pass by the creation of a Master, to feast their eyes on the abortion of a Tom Thumb,* and derive greater satisfaction, and find more matter on which to

* In 1846, Haydon, the historical painter, exhibited his celebrated paintings, “The Burning of Rome,” and

descant, after viewing the latter, than they would from a sight of the works of our noblest artists ; but a purer taste is gradually taking the place of morbid curiosity ; and as we appreciate more thoroughly the beauties which Nature has provided, that Art has produced, then shall we begin to feel, not as a matter of conventional belief, but in truth, that the poet, whether he assume the character of dramatist, lyrist, painter or sculptor, is as necessary to our existence and comfort as our baker and our tailor.

The changes of more than a hundred years have passed over the earth since the mortal

“The Banishment of Aristides,” at the Egyptian Hall, London. In another part of the same building, General Tom Thumb was holding his levees at the same time. In reference to this circumstance, Haydon has the following entry in his diary :—“Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week, B. R. Haydon 133½ (the half a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people !” In the same year the misguided artist put an end to his life by his own hand.

remains of Thomas Chatterton were consigned to a workhouse grave. Humanity has seldom been called on to ponder misfortunes so many and acute, the subject so young, the results so fearful.

Chatterton never saw his father. He never knew what it was to have the kind, controlling guidance of a father, for that parent died before he was born. Here, if the expression may be allowed, was misfortune before birth; the first of a series of calamities. Like an arrow shot into mid air, feathered only on one side, and flying with an unsteady and uncertain flight, so he was ushered into life with the advantage of but half the parental care. It is true the maternal influence was left, that which in most instances has the greatest effect upon our lives. But in the case of the wayward boy Chatterton, one is inclined to think that the authoritative behest, and the wise directing counsel of a discriminating

father, would have proved of paramount importance. In his earliest years he evinced no aptitude for learning; but, under the persevering training of his mother, for she became his teacher, he began to exhibit remarkable proficiency. Those years which youth usually devotes to the various juvenile games and amusements he spent in intense application. Dreaming ever of fame and distinction in the future. Eschewing every other thing to indulge his darling pursuit, the study of ancient literature and heraldry. Instead of casting from him the black-letter volumes that fell in his way, as most youths would be apt to do, he pored over their contents, studying the quaint sayings, and the antique phraseology of the old authors. And Chatterton was no dull student at the task he now set himself to accomplish. Nightly he toiled, and nightly was his success apparent. To a memory naturally tenacious, apprehension quick, and a determined will, he joined careful research, and

unremitting industry. Behold the result ! A youth of sixteen years has mastered the diction of antiquity ; mastered it so as to be able to rival in force and beauty the productions of the age he imitated. The fire of genius burned within him, and he felt that fire. He was intellectually superior to the majority of his fellowmen, and he was conscious of that superiority. Pride, he himself says was his ungovernable passion : and it is a strange paradox, that he should toil, and study, and suffer, that he might satisfy his ambition for distinction, and yet when honourable fame was within his reach, he contented his most cynical disposition in observing the effect of his ingenious impositions upon the literary and antiquarian world.

For the information of younger readers, it must be stated that Chatterton concocted a marvellous scheme of literary forgery and imposition. Not that he was a plagiarist by any means ; his genius was eminently original. But

he pretended to have discovered in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol, (the town in which he lived), a very extensive collection of ancient manuscripts, consisting of finished and fragmentary poems, essays, sermons, biographical sketches, and pedigrees, composed and written in the fifteenth century, by a Mr. Canyng, merchant, and Thomas Rowley, a poetical priest. Some of these pretended manuscripts were even of a more ancient date, extending as far back as the time of the Norman Conquest. Most of these so-called fragmentary relics bore such undoubted marks of age in their idiom and phraseology, that very high authorities were for a time deceived, and placed implicit faith in their genuineness.

It does not come within the scope of this essay to review at length the controversy to which the pretended discovery gave rise, or to consider whether the wonderful superstructure

raised by the boy poet had any foundation in fact ; suffice it to say, that several judges, eminent in literature and antiquities, amongst whom were the poets Mason and Gray, declared them to be forgeries, and so the bubble burst. The wonderful productions, however, remain, an enduring monument of the power of an original, but misguided genius.

As an example of Chatterton's fine, easy-flowing style, we will quote one of his pieces, "The Minstrel's Song," in "Ella." It is an effusion of peculiar beauty, abounding in much delightful description, and clouded with that strange, unearthly melancholy that brooded over the life of its author :—

O ! sing unto my roundelay,
O ! drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow ;
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he ;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
Oh ! he lies by the willow tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.

See ! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud—
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.

Here, upon my true love's grave
Shall the garish flowers be laid ;
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.

With my hands I'll bind the briers
Round his holy corse to gree ;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.

Come, with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away :
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true love waits :—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

That is the composition of a youth of sixteen years. At the age of fifteen Chatterton was apprenticed to a Bristol lawyer of the name of Lambert, an unkind and unappreciative man. But even had his master been as generous as he was mean, the monotony of an attorney's office was by no means suited to the excitable and uneven temperament of Chatterton.

At the age of seventeen his master gave up his indentures, and the rash youth, burning with a desire for fame, and full of adventurous hope, set out for the metropolis—the great

world of London! that rendezvous of benevolence and crime; of princely affluence and bitter-biting poverty; of genius and insanity: along whose endless streets misery, with blanched cheek and tearless eye, sweeps onward with aimless aim: where misfortune gives her wild locks to the midnight wind, and her cry of agony mingles with the ceaseless hum of trade: where the cold dews of even, and the big tears of sorrow, with equal brightness glisten beneath the rays of autumn moons: where deceit has so often blighted the fair prospects of innocence; and purity, purity still, has been made to assume the garb of infamy. London!—not lacking in abundance kind and sympathizing hearts, and cheerful firesides, and happy homes: a vast world of hopes and fears, where the extremes of good and evil meet us at every turn. Chatterton started for London.

Listen to the following characteristic extract

from a letter to a friend referring to the resolutions he had made :—“The promises I “have had,” he says, “are sufficient to dispel “doubt, but, should I be deceived, I will turn “preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as “ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. “But, if *that* should fail me, my last resource “is a pistol !”

That is the language of a boy of seventeen. What might determination like this have accomplished had it been applied to noble purposes? There was decision of conduct sufficient to have made a Socrates. But it flowed in a wrong channel ; it burst the bounds of healthful restraint, and, instead of irrigating and making beautiful with verdure the vale of his youth, it became the cataract, wild and untamable, that hurried him to destruction.

For a time his prospects were promising.

His talents procured him introduction to men eminent in literature and politics, and he became a contributor to the newspapers and magazines. His genius proved most versatile, for poetry and prose were alike at his command. From the deciphering of an inscription on a medal, to the handling of the weightiest political questions that agitated the nation ; from the composition of a song for a suburban theatre, to a dissertation on an epic, or an epic itself, he was never at a loss : his head and his pen were busy continually. He began to boast in the fulness of his assurance that he would "settle the nation before he had done." Alas ! poor youth ; he depended over much on his own strength ; he stretched out his puny arm and boasted that the power was his own ; he forgot to look up with gratitude to the Almighty Donor of his brilliant gifts. He failed to see—and it was a fearful failing—that there is a great Providence over-ruling all mortal

things ; and that man, however wise and powerful, is but the humble instrument of His will.

• Pride had a fall. It is mournful to recount his sufferings and distress as his fair prospects became dim ; when his ideas of advancement and wealth and power began to forsake him: toiling early and late for the magazines, and finding but scant remuneration.

His affection for his mother and sister stands out in beautiful relief against the dark background of his errors and his failings. He still continued to assist them by remittances from his scanty earnings—consoling them with kind and cheering letters. One of these, accompanied by some small presents, written about two months before his death, is as follows :—

“DEAR MOTHER.—I send you in the box “six cups and saucers, with two basins for my “sister. If a china teapot and creampot is, in

“your opinion, necessary, I will send them ; but
“I am informed they are unfashionable, and
“that the red china which you are provided
“with is more in use. A cargo of patterns for
“yourself, with a snuff box, right French, and
“very curious in my opinion. Two fans—the
“silver one is more grave than the other, which
“would suit my sister best: but that I leave
“to you both. Some British herb snuff in the
“box ; be careful how you open it. Be
“assured, whenever I have the power, my will
“won’t be wanting to testify that I remember
“you.” And yet, when the above was penned,
he must have been exceedingly poor. An
entry in his pocket book about this time shows
how miserably his literary toil was remunerated.
“Received, Mr. Hamilton, for 16 songs, 10s. 6d.”
Scarcely eightpence each ! Dark clouds of
despair began to cast their shadows upon his
mind. The struggle was severe, and his hopeful
spirit at times almost succeeded in dispelling
the gloom that was gathering around his path.

In some such hour of transition he composed
his beautiful verses—

RESIGNATION.

O God ! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O, teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess ?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still—
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the Inflictor of the blow ;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

But the “gloomy mantle” of that night of despair never vanished. The black cloud which began to obscure the morning of his hopes grew hourly broader and darker. Occasionally a stray lightning flash of hope quivered across his path, but it was only for an instant, and the gloom became denser and more dense. Alone in London—alone in his garret—alone in his own proud heart, he brooded over the past, cursed his present ungainly fate, and frowned

defiance at the future. The true value of honesty and uprightness Chatterton had never learnt fully to appreciate. His pen, for political purposes, had always been at the service of the highest bidders; and when their end was accomplished, and the fee paid, they ceased to remember their poor scribe. Struggling genius might sink or swim as events proved fatal or favourable, little cared the heartless demagogue what the result might be.

As a last resource, when his literary exertions failed to provide him adequate support, he applied for the situation of surgeon's mate on board an African vessel, but was unsuccessful. We cannot but regret the failure of this application. The scenes and circumstances of travel would, doubtless, have contributed greatly to mollify and allay the wild and irregular longings of his impulsive spirit. He might have been taught humility from repeated deliverances.

Discretion might have come with a few more years of experience ; and, as his views of the world and man became more varied and extended, so we might have anticipated that truth in all its beauty and nobleness, would have arrested and riveted his attention, and eventually have exercised her sway over his actions. After this event he appears to have been thoroughly disgusted with living. He was very, very poor ! His clothes were becoming thin and threadbare—poor author like—and he often wandered, wet and weary and hungry, through the long callous streets of London.

The crisis came at last. Two weary days rolled over his head, but not a morsel of food during that time had crossed his lips. Hungry and proud, on the morning of the 22nd of August, 1770, he called at the baker's shop where he had been in the habit of making his purchases, and asked to be supplied with a

loaf on credit. This was refused, on the plea that he was already 3s. 6d. in debt. With starvation staring him in the face, he now determined to put in practice the resolution he had formed, and which had daily been gaining strength within his breast. For two days his landlady missed his accustomed foot upon the stair; and, on the morning of the 25th August, he was found in his attic, stretched upon his wretched pallet, dead! He had swallowed a quantity of arsenic in water.

Alas ! for the rarity
Of christian charity
Under the sun.
Oh ! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Bread he had none !

Long years after, the people of Bristol erected a statue to the memory of the youthful poet, "the marvellous boy, who perished in his pride." This stands near to St. Mary Redcliffe Church.

He appears in the dress worn by the scholars of Colston's Charity School, where he received his education. A roll of parchment is in his hand, and on the pedestal is the inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.
READER, JUDGE NOT :
IF THOU ART A CHRISTIAN, BELIEVE THAT
HE SHALL BE
JUDGED BY A SUPERIOR POWER ;
TO THAT POWER ALONE IS HE NOW
ANSWERABLE.





THE GULL MOSS.

IF any of my readers should "put up" at the Black Bull Inn, in the village or hamlet of Preesall, which lies to the east across the River Wyre, at Fleetwood, they will be within a short three miles' walk of Pilling Moss, on a portion of which the black-headed gull, during the breeding season, builds its nest, incubates, and brings forth its young.

Our host of the "Bull," John Parkinson, as keen a sportsman as one could wish to meet in a day's march, with an eye like a hawk's, fond of a joke, and withal a neat hand at relating a sporting adventure—no mean accomplishment—undertook, one fine morning in May, to accompany three friends and the present writer to the famous Gull Moss. The breeding ground, with its countless winged inhabitants, had often been described to me by those who had paid it a visit, and I was desirous to view for myself a scene that had more than once been represented as wonderful in the extreme.

After partaking of a substantial breakfast, and being each furnished with a walking-stick, and such collecting gear as was befitting our several tastes, we started for the Moss.

Passing through the village, which is built on rising ground, we shortly found ourselves on the summit of a grassy knoll or mound of considerable size, the only eminence for miles around, and dignified by the name of "Preesall Hill." Looking at the end of this elevation from below, one is immediately struck with its appearance in front; the sea at one time seems to have washed its sides, as they rise almost perpendicularly from the surrounding level; slightly jutting over, as coast rocks may often be found, apparently gazing into the silvery element, admiring their hoary slopes with moss and lichens overgrown.

Traversing the side of the hill, we emerged into the high road, which, like all the roads in this level district, has a ditch on each side into which the water from the adjacent land drains and, overflowing, is carried in numberless rivulets to the neighbouring sea. Buckbean,

water-mint, and cresses flourish here luxuriantly, and may be had for the gathering; we were careful to secure a supply of the latter for home consumption. The croaking of the innumerable frogs which haunt the marshes, to one unused to such sounds, is a rich treat. To me the chorus was as strange as the notes of the nightingale, and, if not so melodious, yet quite as full of interest. I can easily imagine, however, that the noise of their unmusical throats is a profound nuisance to those who live in the neighbourhood, as it ceases not from dusk to early dawn.*

* Since the present sketch was written, the writer has resided in Brazil, where the variety of the species is something remarkable. There is the "whistling frog," the "barking frog," the "howling frog," the "whirring frog," and, most singular of all, the "talking frog." This latter may be heard to say "My father is king," "My father is king," while another will answer interrogatively, "Who is your father?" the reply being "My father is king." This, of course, is spoken in Portuguese, the language of the frog, as of the people, of that country.

The ditches also, and the larger pools, harbour eels in great abundance, and of large growth. Our guide, who is an adept in the art of spearing these creatures, by beating the surface of the water, immediately produced an unusual commotion underneath ; bubbles of air were seen rising in half a dozen places, caused by the eels boring for security into the mud at the bottom. Quick as lightning the spear was plunged into the water where a succession of air bells was rapidly rising, and on its withdrawal, an eel of large size, caught by the neck, wriggled and struggled to free itself from the steel saw-like teeth of the spear, that held it with merciless tenacity. The process was repeated again and

In the marshy districts the sounds commence shortly after sundown, and continue far into the night, as loud as a babel of human tongues. The noise emitted is not as discordant as might be supposed ; and, singular to say, it even becomes agreeable on lengthened acquaintance. Certain it is, that the quietude and stillness of an English night were oppressive to me on my return home.

again, each of us trying our hand with varying success, until we had secured sufficient spoil for a dinner that a lord might envy. Great dexterity and precision, and no little practice, are required in handling this same spear to advantage; particularly when, as in ponds, the eels "strike" at a distance from the margin. In that case the instrument is thrown a distance, it may be, of six or eight yards, vigorously home, the left hand holding the end of the line attached to the handle for the purpose of withdrawing the spear from the mud. With the tyro success is the exception; but in the hands of a practised sportsman like our host, to make the attempt was to achieve his object—he never threw away a chance.

Speaking of ditches, an anecdote which our guide related, amused me. It is a favourite pastime, or trick I should rather call it, among the farm lads in this neighbourhood, when they

meet with a “Johnny Raw” in the shape of a new comer of their own class, to boast to him of the superior strength of tom-cats in that particular locality ; and if they can contrive to inveigle the verdant youth into making a bet on the subject, a piece of rich sport ensues.

A case of the kind occurred the day previous. A lubberly cow-lad had swallowed the bait, having laid a wager that he would drag across any of the ditches the strongest “Tom” they could match against him. The hour arrived for deciding the trial of strength ; the neighbouring farm servants mustered strongly to witness the contest. Puss was brought in the arms of one of the chief promoters, a stout cord tethered loosely round his middle ; and as he winked knowingly at his human opponent, the latter seemed to harbour considerable misgivings as to the successful issue of the struggle. Not to be daunted, however, he permitted the other end of

the cord to be securely fastened round his waist, and arranged himself, back to the ditch, to put forth all his energies at the proper moment. No sooner was the signal for action given, than two stout fellows seized the cord (puss having already been set at liberty) and in the midst of shouts of "Pull, thou greyt leather-yed! pull!" and sundry vigorous thrusts and pokes from the bystanders, the unfortunate clown was dragged bodily through the ditch, to the intense satisfaction and amusement of the clodhoppers assembled.

Pilling Moss, on a portion of which the gulls are to be found, is an immense tract of uncultivated, undrained moorland, thickly overgrown with moss and rushes and other rank herbage. Large quantities of peat are annually cut from it, and the supply of that fuel seems almost inexhaustible. On some parts of the moor, extensive clearings occur, spaces free from the rank

vegetation referred to, but covered with a close shaven carpet of dark green moss and dwarf grass, level as a bowling green; and daintier, and more springy to the tread than the richest tapestries of Turkey. Hares and rabbits, and their ancient enemy the weasel, tenant the moor abundantly, and the marks of the polecat's claws may be traced on the beaten tracks.

The breeding place of the gulls, as near as one may judge, is from two to three acres in extent, and assumes very nearly the circular form. The gulls never occupy exactly the same plot of land two years together, but regularly shift their quarters on the moss. As we approached their rendezvous, the birds in myriads rose upwards in the air, their peculiar caw, caw, cawing, repeated incessantly from so many eager throats sounding unusual and strange in the highest degree. As we drew nearer, the babble of tongues grew louder and louder, until the

entire winged inhabitants of the moss were wheeling and cawing and screaming in the air.

The number of nests on the ground is almost incredible; within a circle of not more than a yard in diameter I counted not fewer than half a score; and yet, with that unerring instinct, the working of which we can appreciate without being able to explain, every bird knows its own possession, nor obtrudes upon the domicile of its neighbour. To walk forward into the centre of the breeding ground without crushing the contents of the nests, is a task of difficulty requiring no little circumspection.

The eggs, of which there are from two to four in each nest, are in general of a brown colour, streaked or spotted with a darker shade of brown, somewhat resembling tortoise shell. A few are of a yellowish cast, with marks approaching to blue; others again have a blue

ground, and are clouded with patches of dark grey. Many of the young birds had emerged from their shelly prison, and others were busy chipping their way out. The young birds in colour resemble the brown eggs as near as may be ; they have not the faintest likeness to their parents, the latter being of a snowy white, except their black heads, which seem as though they had been dipped in ink. By the uninitiated the future transformation of the fledgelings could scarcely be guessed.

Carefully picking our way, we reached the very centre of the breeding ground ; and what a strange, unusual sight ! Gulls to the right of us ; gulls to the left of us ; gulls in front of us ; gull to the rear of us ; gulls overhead of us ; gulls, gulls, gulls ! Myriads of black-headed, white-bodied gulls, and all caw, caw, cawing, as though a contest were going on which should caw the loudest. We were in a perfect dome

of gulls ; as though it were a vast amphitheatre, tremulous with life. The fanning of innumerable wings produced a mysterious motion of the air, accompanied by a murmurous sound as of a distant waterfall ; and the sensation to the eye was as though the clouds were belching forth a storm of colossal snow flakes, that fell not, but kept up a continuous, eccentric, whirling dance overhead. To stoop down and handle the eggs or young birds was the signal for louder noises still, and some of the gulls were even bold enough to brush close past us, as if attempting to strike with their wings.

The reader may probably be ready to ask, “Is it compatible with cleanliness and propriety to be placed in such a perilous position beneath the tails of so many unscrupulous fowls ?”

“Tell it not in Gath !” The inevitable downfall cannot be eluded. That is one of the penalties

that await the curious sight-seer. At the Gull Moss, however, this drawback is made the best of, by being turned into a source of merriment. The first man of the company "dropped on" forfeits five shillings to be spent for the mutual benefit of all. On this occasion our friend Rufus was the unlucky individual, though—I tell it in confidence—arrangement had previously been made, secretly, to bring about this desirable end. A neatly-aimed "dottle" from behind settled the business, while a general guffaw announced the result. Having each selected a few of the eggs for preservation, we returned to Preesall, highly gratified by our visit to the Gull Moss.





OLD JOHN'S SUNDAY DINNER.

YOU know Old John, and his two bonnie lasses—bless 'em—prettier never stepped in shoe leather. Their mother, too, was one of the right sort, trim as a May daisy, and kindly as true love and a warm heart could make her. But she's gone, poor dear ! Peace be with her ashes !

Old John's fond of a good Sunday dinner. A bit of nice roast beef, just a trifle underdone, and some potatoes boiled in their jackets, and

smoking hot, suit him well. He's a "gradeley" old Lancashire Englishman, is John ; and when he gets sat down in his arm chair i'th' nook, and a long clay pipe in his mouth, he looks such a picture of calm content as would do your heart good to see.

Jim o' Abram's and I go a "camping" with Old John of a night sometimes ; and what with his humoursome jokes and his queer tales, either my sides are sore with laughing, or my cheeks wet with the tears that *will* keep toddling o'er them, do what I may to keep them back. Jim o' Abram's generally sits with his mouth agape, staring with wonderment as he listens to the stories that flow from John's lips.

"Yea," Jim says, "John might ha' been a book, for aught as I know, he's so full o' wit and wisdom, and along o' that, sense to set them off to th' best advantage." So say I, Jim.

As I have already remarked, nothing pleases John better than a good Sunday dinner, and so he always makes a point of having one if he can contrive it by fair means ; and, being a bit of a cook, and rather ticklish in his taste besides, he's in the habit sometimes of looking after the roasting of the meat himself, while Mary and Maggie go to th' church to spoil th' parson's sermon to a' th' lads within sheep's e'e distance o' th' pew where they sit.

Well, it so happened the other Sunday morning, that John was taking a turn round the front garden, and inhaling the fresh air as it came up the garden alley, loaded with fragrance from wallflower and violet, and cooled by the dew that hung sparkling from a thousand leafy pendants. All at once he bethought himself that a good long walk towards Rowley Moor would be pleasant on such a morning, and that noon would find him in none the worse trim to

enjoy his dinner. In this mind he stepped into the house, straightened his "bit o' yure," and threw on his Saturday-night coat. Mary, who had just gone upstairs with her sister to dress for church, had, very thoughtfully, put the "six ribs" into the roasting tin, and sprinkled a pinch of flour over them, so as to be ready for her father, that he might just slip them into the oven when he came in out of the garden.

John, seeing the meat set out on the dresser, concluded that his daughter Mary had, unsolicited, made up her mind to stay at home and take the cooking in hand herself, as indeed she occasionally did on a Sunday. He was well enough pleased with this supposed arrangement, as it left him at liberty to enjoy the full benefit of his forenoon's walk. After putting on his hat, he lifted the meat and pushed it into the oven and shut to the door; then making his way down the garden walk, he crossed the turnpike

- road and struck into the footpath that leads to Rowley, round the edge of the lodge at Stagvale Mill.

John enjoyed his walk famously, as who with a spark of intelligent feeling could fail to do in such a romantic neighbourhood ! The immense masses of rock of which Rowley is largely composed, and which have for countless ages withstood the denuding influences of sea and weather, at one time formed part of a deep sea bottom, over which the waves were lashed by the winds into fury ; and on which, at a later epoch, the animals of pre-adamite time sported themselves. These rocks, once immersed, but now towering some thousand feet or more above the sea level, and hoary with age and lichens, jutted over the path, and frowned down on the passing wanderer. Not unobserved by John, for he possessed a poet's eye, grew the little celandine, the speedwell, and the bluebell at

the base of the rock, where the fern waved its graceful frond beside the purple orchid. Away over the moor, knee-deep in heather, purple with bloom, the grouse retreated with whirring din; and at times a straggling hare would start, prick its ears, and timidly scud away to a safe resting place. Up from the valley below came the cuckoo's solitary note, with cadence bordering on sadness, and reminding one of the long summer days at hand.

But we are wandering from our story. We left the lasses upstairs dressing for church; and see, while we have been digressing, they have got through the complicated process, and yonder they go up the road towards the church, shading off with their parasols the rays of the sun that fain would kiss their bonnie cheeks, but failing this, are sparkling in the bright shoes that envelope their pretty feet. The lasses, all unconscious of their father's absence, had left the house—Mary first giving a peep into the

oven—believing that he was acting as cook-in-chief, and had but just gone out to return in a few minutes.

While John was enjoying his forenoon's ramble, and the lasses were being edified by the remarks of the parson on the evil results that follow from pride in wearing fine clothes, the meat in the oven was simmering away. The fire did its duty, and the oven too ; and the piece of "six ribs" whisked and frisked, and frizzled and grizzled, and stuttered and guttered, as though conscious of playing a rare joke on Old John, and anxious to make him learn to think less highly of his cooking for the future. "When the dinner's good, the cook shouldn't run away with all the credit."

The lasses at length reached home. The fire was beginning to look grey and seedy ; the oven was cooling down, and the sweat was drying on the forehead of the "six ribs" after

their exertions to get themselves cooked. But the meat was in prime condition notwithstanding; rather dry, to be sure, for want of basting, but nice and crimp outside, and the fat looking as brown and luscious as a midsummer gooseberry.

Mary, on observing the state of affairs, and seeing no preparation for dinner on the table, stood stock still in the middle of the floor, first looking at the fire, and then at her sister, who was equally perplexed, unable to speak a single word. At length recovering herself, she ran to the foot of the stairs and shouted "Father! are you there?" No answer being returned, out into the garden she hastened, and called still louder, "Father! where are you?" Still no answer; for it takes a strong pair of lungs to make themselves heard to Rowley Moor! Well, affairs wore a serious complexion to be sure—door wide open, fire dying out, the oven cooling

down, no potatoes in the pan, and father nowhere to be seen! Mary began to cry, and Maggie followed suit. Jim o' Abb's happened to be passing at the moment when Mary was calling, and seeing that she looked anxious and uneasy, he crossed the road, and enquired the cause. "Have you seen father?" she asked. "Not this morning, my lass," replied Jim, and with that she broke out crying bitterly. Jim nearly cried too to see the poor lass in such trouble, but, observing Jack o'th' Nook coming forward, he beckoned on him to "look sharp," and, lifting the latch of the gate, they walked hastily through the garden into the house, led by Mary, sobbing deeply as she went.

The state of matters, as far as she understood them, having been briefly outlined by Mary, Jack o'th' Nook, with serious countenance, proposed that the house should be searched. Jim and the lasses having acquiesced, the house

was searched accordingly from attic to cellar and up again, but nowhere was John to be found. The two then sallied out with sorrowful looks, to enquire after John in the village. Soon a crowd of gaping rustics collected; ominous conjectures were broached, and each seriously considered, but no definite conclusion could anyone come to as to the whereabouts of John, until George o' Bob's, scratching a dirty pate, half covered by a greasy cap, and with a face as white as a week's dirt and a beard unshorn would permit, stood forward and declared that while he was "maundering about" some two hours before, he "saw John bith' side o'th' mill lodge."

"You'n struck th' reet nail o'th' yed, George!" rejoined one of the company.

"He's at th' bottom o'th' lodge, without doubt!" said another.

"Be guy! I thought I yerd a queer kind of a splash just about that time," chimed in Tommy o' Owd Tom's.

"Run for Bill o'th' smithy and his grappling irons!" said Jack o'th' Nook, "while I go fetch a plank or two to ma' a raft wi'."

The crowd by this time had largely increased. Half the village had made their way to the lodge bank. Several of the on-lookers vowed they could "see th' yure o' John's yed aboon th' wayter!" but it turned out to be only the fur on the back of a drowned cat floating near the surface. Shortly the grappling irons, with ominous jingle, were borne through the crowd, slung from the shoulder of Smithy Bill, who had thrown off his black coat, having just returned from chapel, and donned his every day fustian jacket. The raft was speedily constructed, and being set afloat on the surface of the water, Jack o'th' Nook volunteered to take the first round at dragging.

Leaving Jack to pursue his exertions on the raft, while the crowd is anxiously looking on,

let us return to the cottage, where we left the sisters plunged in deepest grief at the supposed loss of their poor father. Several of the neighbours had by this time gone in to condole with and speak comfort to the lasses. Cold comfort, indeed, some of them conveyed, as they related frightful stories of by-gone accidents, and the ghastly incidents therewith connected ; of suicides committed in the neighbourhood, nay, in the very lodge where search was at that moment being made for the body of their parent. These narrations, much exaggerated of course, only tended to increase the grief of the poor girls ; and just as their agony had reached fever point, who should be seen walking leisurely up the garden alley but Old John himself, looking as fresh as a lark on a May morning after a visit to heaven's gate, and with good humour beaming in his ruddy countenance, partly the effect of pleasing anticipations of the good dinner in store for him on his return home.

Mary was the first to observe his arrival, and in her haste to salute her parent, nearly overturned Sally o' Owd Matty's, who, calmly smoking opposite the fire, her chair neatly balanced on its two hind legs, swaying gently to and fro, was relating with circumstantial minuteness the harrowing details of the untimely end, by drowning, of "knock-kneed Roger," while endeavouring, during an October flood, to save a pig which he had been at great expense and pains to fatten for home consumption.

We can easily conceive the surprise, not unmixed with anxiety, that overspread the countenance of Old John as he stood in the doorway stroking his beard, and looking with enquiring eyes, first at his pale-cheeked lasses, so unlike their wont, and then at the gossips who had made such unseasonable intrusion into his domicile. Explanation soon followed on congratulation, and the tear-stricken faces of Mary and Maggie

began to assume their wonted appearance. On the other hand, a good deal of disappointment was observable on the features of more than one of the gossips, that they had been cheated out of the wholesome excitement attendant on a coroner's inquest, and the gratification of taking part in the ceremony of the succeeding funeral.

As the neighbours were preparing to leave the house, John's attention was arrested by the unusual crowd of people assembled on the lodge bank, and the significant movements of Jack o'th' Nook on the raft. Being informed of the cause of the gathering, which, indeed, he had already divined, the opportunity for perpetrating a joke being too good to be permitted to slip, he hastily doffed his coat, and after drawing the sleeves inside out, donned it again, much to the amusement of his daughters and the gossips, who at once guessed his purpose. He exchanged his hat for a nightcap, and whitened his face

with half a handful of flour, the work of a few minutes, and sallying quickly out unobserved by the crowd, down he cautiously crept by the side of the wall bordering the lodge bank.

Jack o'th' Nook, being wearied with his unusual exertions on the raft, had paddled to the side, to allow George o' Bob's the next round in the search. The latter had just got one foot on the raft, the other being still on the bank, when a hollow, sepulchral groan, as though it had issued from the recesses of a churchyard vault, struck terror into the hearts of the unsuspecting bystanders. Every eye was turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded. What language can describe the horror that was depicted on the countenances of the assemblage, as John's apparition was seen, stately as the Ghost in Hamlet, standing immovably erect, and with outstretched arm slightly arched at its extremity, pointing to the deepest part of the

lodge, at the same time repeating in measured cadence the words—

“Drag the hollow—drag it round,
Soon the lost shall be the found !”

But none waited to attend to the ghost's advice. The effect was general and instantaneous. The terror-stricken villagers rushed helter-skelter down the lodge banks, and, crossing the field, made for the gate leading out into the turnpike road. It was shut and fastened ; the crowd stopped not to open it ; that, indeed would not have been possible, but sweeping onward, crash went the gate off its hinges out into the middle of the road, many of the multitude halting not until safely buried beneath the bedclothes in their respective habitations. George o' Bob's, in his hot haste to get away, missed his footing, and slipped from the end of the raft, dragging Jack o'th' Nook, whom he caught by the coat skirt, down into the water with him, where, struggling and floundering, they begged the

ghost, in piteous accents, to have mercy upon them. The result threatened to be serious, and John, repenting of his temerity in having carried the joke to this extremity, began clambering over the wall to assist in rescuing the unfortunate victims. This proceeding on the part of the ghost only added to their terror, and it was but by a series of frantic efforts that the two succeeded in extricating themselves from the mixture of mud and water, just as Old John dropped on the other side of the fence. It is needless to say that, long ere our hero had recovered from his first fit of laughter, he was master of the field ; not a single rival remaining to dispute his title.

Coming down the road, I bethought me to drop in at John's, and while helping to eat part of the dinner that had done its own cooking, he told me the tale as I have related it to you.



*ROBERT TANNAHILL,
The Scottish Song Writer.*

Song sweetens toil, however rude the sound :
All at her work the village maiden sings ;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

GIFFARD.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, the subject of the present sketch, was born in the year 1774. He was the fourth child of a family of seven, and the son of respectable parents residing at Paisley, a well-known town in Scotland, and celebrated for its textile manufactures. His mother was a woman of unusual

intelligence, and Robert inherited her peculiar gifts. His education was a common English one, with the exception of grammar, which branch he did not study until several years after he left school. As early as his tenth year he was noted amongst his schoolfellows for being a scribbler; he wrote doggerel amazingly well; and though he did not produce anything of much merit, the fact proves the bent of his mind. At the age of fourteen he left school, and was initiated into the mysteries of hand-loom weaving, a trade highly remunerative at Paisley and elsewhere at that time.

From the day of his birth to the day of his death, there is nothing very remarkable to be noted in the career of Tannahill. His life was without adventure. In the year 1800, a report spread throughout his native town that good weavers of figured work were in much request in Lancashire. Robert and a younger brother,

hearing of this circumstance, were induced to try their fortune in England. On their arrival at Preston, Robert found that the work was not of that kind in which he particularly excelled ; so, leaving his brother there, he travelled on to Bolton, where he found both work and wages in abundance. After two years spent in England, the intelligence of their father's serious illness obliged them to return home, where they arrived just in time to receive the blessing of their dying parent. After this event the younger brother married, and Robert became the support and comfort of his widowed mother, displaying towards her, in an unusual degree, the kindest filial affection until the day of his death.

His genius now led him to the composition of those sweet songs that have been familiar to us since the days of our childhood : “ Jessie the flower o' Dumblane ” ; “ The Braes o' Gleniffer ” ; “ O, are ye sleepin' Maggie ? ” “ We'll meet

beside the dusky glen"; and many others, the mere enumeration of which touch the soul as with a live coal from out the fire of his genius. Through the productions of his muse the poet became the intimate friend of R. A. Smith, the celebrated composer, whose name will continue to be cherished and loved by all lovers of genuine music. To him we are indebted for a number of those undying airs that are allied to Tannahill's finest verses.

The songs of Tannahill, perhaps more than those of any other bard, with the exception of Burns, are distinguished by a thoroughly pervading appreciation of the beauties of nature. So intensely paramount is this regard, unlike the effect produced by the great master of Scottish song, we are apt to lose amid the luxurious profusion of delightful imagery, the human ideal of the poet's fervid encomium. This might almost be looked upon as a blemish,

did not the heroine, after we have passed through that labyrinth of rustic beauty, rise before our delighted vision, the living personification of bewitching grace and tenderness.

Tannahill was a genuine, unsophisticated lover of nature in all her moods ; and being such, his simplest lines leave an impression upon the mind that proves how experimentally true were the sentiments of his muse. Take as an illustration his truthful description of a spring or summer evening :—

The midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa' ;
The partricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw ;
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends his lay ;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day.

While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn ;
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell ;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Tannahill's sense of the ludicrous was not strong. His humour, when he displays any, is of the mildest kind. There are no "Duncan Grays" among his songs. He wrote nothing like the "Braw Wooer" of Burns. The consummate burlesque of "Willie Wastle" he never reached. His forte lay in faithfully portraying the beauties of rural scenery, and in happily describing the pleasures that are to be found amongst the humble classes of his countrymen. His sympathies were with the honest poor ; to lighten

their load of labour, to augment their joys, and by so doing win their lasting esteem, was his highest ambition. How his hopes have been realized, the affectionate regard in which his name is held by his countrymen testifies.

It would be unfair to say that Tannahill possessed no humour at all, and the following song would disprove the correctness of such an assertion :—

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

Auld Watty of Kebuckston brae,
With lear and reading of books, auld-farren,
What think ye ? the body came owre the day,
And tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirren.
We a' got a bidding
To gang to the wedding,
Baith Johnnie, and Sandy, and Nelly, and Nanny,
And Tam of the knowes,
He swears and he vows
At the dancing he'll face to the bride with his grannie.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
The body's aye ready at dredgies and weddings ;
And flunkie M'Fee, of the Skiverton Place,
Is chosen to scuttle the pies and the puddings :

For there'll be plenty
 Of ilka thing dainty,
 Baith lang kail and haggis, and everything fitting ;
 With luggies of beer,
 Our wizzens to clear,
 So the deil fill his kytic who gaes clung frae the meeting.

Lowrie has cast Gibbie Cameron's gun,
 That his old gutcher bore when he followed Prince
 Charlie ;
 The barrel was rusted as black as the grun,
 But he's ta'en 't to the smiddy and's fettled it rarely ;
 With wallets of pouther
 His musket he'll shouther,
 And ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading :
 At ilka farm toun
 He'll fire them a roun',
 Till the whole kintra ring with the Kebbuckston wed-
 ding.

Jamie and Johnnie maun ride the brouse,
 For few like them can sit in the saddle ;
 And Willie Cobreath, the best of bows,
 Is trysted to jig in the barn with his fiddle.
 With whisking and frisking,
 And reeling and wheeling,
 The young anes a' like to loup out of the body ;
 And Nellie M'Nairn,
 Though sair forfairn,
 He vows that he'll wallop twa sets with the howdie.

Sauny M'Nab with his tartan trews,
Has hecht to come down in the midst of the caper,
And gie us three wallops of merry shan trews,
With the true Highland fling of Macrimmon the
piper ;
Sic hipping and skipping,
And springing and flinging,
I'se wad that there's nane in the Lowlands can waft it !
Faith ! Willie maun fiddle,
And jirgum and diddle,
And screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haffet.

So thoroughly has the validity of our poet's mission been acknowledged, it is not too much to declare that, in the bosom of Scotland's sons, he is remembered with a love second only to Burns. Like that great poet, his honest heart could ill brook the tyranny of the petty task-master. He scorned with manly indignation the mean artifices of the parasite ; nay he carried his hatred of oppression to such an extreme length, that he eschewed the assumption of place and power, fearful lest he might become contaminated with, or imbibe the severities of

temper that often flow in their wake. A writer tells us that he refused to become overseer or foreman of a weaving establishment, for the reasons just given. "He honourably preferred the seat-board and the saddle-tree, plying his shuttle, eating his humble diet, and breathing forth his lowly but independent strains."

It is gratifying to know that our greatest song writers have been men of independent minds ; fearless in their denunciation of wrong ; fired with a devotion to country amounting to enthusiasm, and highly successful in their endeavours to implant within the mind a love of the beautiful, and a reverence for the great principles of universal liberty. No mawkish dreams or sentimental simpering deface their writings. As we read, our imagination is fired, while we feel in reality that there is substance in the sound. In the songs of Tannahill we find no inflated metaphors ; no perplexing phantasies ;

no mystic unmeaning allusions. It is refreshing to turn from the poetic produce of our time—much of it being strongly characterised by grossly exaggerated similes—to the sweet strains of our bard, so simple in their eloquence, so full of homely and tender interest.

Enthusiasm is not a leading element in the songs of the weaver poet. His is not that impetuous, daring, dashing, headlong river of love ; but the calm, onward gliding stream of expressive endearment and deep devotion. He is always the sincere, but very often the bashful wooer. Burns kisses the sleeping beauty to consciousness ; Tannahill foregoes that pleasure, fearful lest he awake her from slumber. His heroines are not the pawkie, mischievous, wear-the-breeks limmers that sing “Whistle and I’ll come to you, my lad,” but the simple confiding lassie, sighing, “Och ! hey, Johnnie lad, you’re sae kind’s you should ha’ been.” What a

delightful picture of humble life is presented to our view in the song,

“ When John and me were married ! ”

who but admires the independence and simplicity of the picture ! How heartfelt the happiness, how pure the content of the youthful pair. Not indeed, that species of contentment which engenders carelessness and indifference regarding future improvement of condition and circumstances ; not that barbarous indolence and apathy that would be satisfied for ever to live in a hovel, and subsist on a crust ; but that genuine content, which, while it uses the argument “marry for love,” supports its proposition by stimulating to “work for siller.” “The lowe* of love makes labour light.” How many hearts can respond to the truthfulness of the sentiment ! It is to strains such as these that the heart of Tannahill’s countrymen owes no small portion of its independence. It is the like that imparts and sustains that nobleness of character which

* flame

the song literature of Scotland so richly possesses. Here is no “dreaming of dwelling in marble halls;” the realities of poverty, and the ultimate triumph of persevering exertion, are the themes.

One most endearing characteristic in the songs of our bard, is the stainless purity which runs through every line,

“Like honeysuckle through a hedge of June,” pervading every sentiment. Each verse, pure as it is eloquent, is a casket of untarnished jewels. The most fastidious virtue will fail to detect one lewd expression throughout the whole compass of his lyrical effusions. For this trait in his writings, Tannahill will always deserve to be held in grateful esteem by his countrymen.

To the chapest similes, and the purest expressions of manly and womanly love, Tannahill allied his fervent admiration of the

beautiful in nature. The following sweet song is a good example of his style in both these respects :

THOU BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEE.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie Lee,
 Thou bonnie wood of Craigie Lee,
 Near thee I spent life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the briar, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonnie o'er thy flowery lee ;
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish,
 Frae Nature's hand are strewn on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
 The cushat croodles amorously ;
 The mavis down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.

When Winter blaws in sleety showers,
 Frae off the norlan hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min',
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie Lee,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie Lee,
Near thee I spent life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

How fine is the verse beginning

“ Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,”
and the other
“ When Winter blaws in sleety showers ; ”
Burns would have perused such strains with all
the admiration of which his poetic mind was
capable.

Most of the song writers who have succeeded Tannahill have imbibed, if not his redundancy of imagery, at least the purity of his style ; and it is worthy of remark that after Tannahill's time, the songs of those writers which contain grossly licentious allusions, soon began to fall into disrepute. All honour to that humble son of genius for the patriotic fervour he displayed in purifying and ennobling the birth-right of his native land, in wedding the language of his country to some of the noblest aspirations

of humanity. It is scarcely matter for surprise that those of our countrymen who live "ayont the Tweed," should inherit an inextinguishable love of country and natural scenery. They live in an atmosphere of delicious music. Strains that stir the tenderest and deepest chords of the soul float around them. From the cradle up they breathe the divine air of poesy. The names of Burns, and Scott, and Tannahill, and a host of lesser lights in the firmament of song, are as naturally associated in their minds as is the sight of their mountain landscapes. Their love of song strengthens with their growth, and languishes not amid their declining years. He was no mere dreamy theorist who first expressed the belief that the character of a people is more influenced by their popular ballads than their laws. What an effect, then, for good or evil must the sentiments of their song writers exercise upon the minds of such a people! How pernicious those liquid strains, redolent with the brightest figures of the imagination, told in

language the most bewitching, yet infecting the heart with the blackest breath of corruption. Tannahill in his songs rose above all degrading influences; he clothed the pure fancies of his muse with all the pathos, the simplicity and the sublimity of his native tongue. His love is always a manly love, his pity a manly pity, his grief the grief of a manly heart.

Benevolence marked the career of Tannahill. His breast overflowed with tenderness and compassion, and many of the finest emanations of his muse were prompted by the tale of woe, or the sight of distress. The dark catalogue of human misery pierced his heart to the core. The poor and unfortunate ever found in him a feeling comforter and a sympathising friend. His sensitive soul well knew that

The look of indifference, the frown of disdain
Bear hard on a generous mind,
and it was the labour of his life to blunt the
arrows of contempt, and turn aside the darts

of ridicule that are aimed at the suffering and unfortunate. Melancholy to such a mind as that of Tannahill was natural ; and it only serves to show the depth and purity of his desires, the earnest longings of his soul.

How mournfully depressing it is to reflect on the melancholy end of our bard. Friendship was the support upon which he had learnt to lean ; it proved an uncertain stay. His genuine friends, could the poet only have perceived it, had not deserted him. Too rashly he judged of the whole by the contemptible minority. The friends who originally loved him for his amiable qualities still clung fondly to him. Those who shared his confidence through possessing sympathies akin to his own, were true to the heart's first impulses. The admirers of his genius still looked upon him with all the ardour of that admiration unabated. It was the friendship, falsely so called, founded upon baser associations

that proved untrue. As his troubles increased, his "jovial comrades" vanished one by one. At first he scarcely credited the change ; but latterly he began to look upon real friendship as an empty unmeaning sound. True friendship had lost its consoling virtues. His mind became affected by the sufferings of its grosser tenement. The darkness of disappointed hopes bore heavily upon his soul, and he soon realized the consummation of despair. Those exquisite songs which had been heretofore the source of his chief gratification ; the composition of which had relieved the monotony and sweetened the hours of toil, with many unpublished gems which posterity would have treasured up for ever, he committed to the flames.

The most melancholy end that imagination can conceive was the end of Tannahill. I have stood and looked down into the dark pool where the fatal plunge was taken. It is still known by

the name of "Tannahill's hole," and its unwholesome waters creep dismally along, as though conscious of the fearful circumstance that dooms it to everlasting notoriety.

Poor Tannahill! while there is a heart to appreciate the power and presence of genius, and mourn the miseries of the unfortunate, thy name will be remembered with gratitude and love; thy melancholy end with the deepest sadness and regret.





THE LARKS OF DEAN.*

“Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame.”

BURNS.

IN a memorandum book or diary kept by Sir Ralph Assheton, a hospitable Lancashire Baronet of the seventeenth century, and under date the year 1676, occurs the following entry : “Xmas. [Christmas] given the Rossendale players, 10s.”

The musicians of Rossendale Forest are not of yesterday's growth ; they are a venerable race,

* From “The History of Rossendale.”

and can count their congeners back through the centuries. Our truest of Lancashire poets, Edwin Waugh, (long may he be spared to melt and cheer us with the strains of his harp), had them vividly before his mind's eye when he penned his droll story of "The Barrel Organ," over which may often be seen

"Laughter holding both his sides."

But though they may be taken at a disadvantage with the formal and new-fangled "squalling boxes" which are regulated by clockwork, and troll forth their music by the yard—as a carding engine measures out its sliver—place before them the glorious choruses of Handel and Haydn, the melting melodies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and the creations of these masters in the empire of harmony find ready interpreters and strongly appreciative minds. Neither of late years has the renown of the "Rossendale Players" diminished, as recent events have sufficiently proved. This is the

more gratifying, when it is remembered—as an old admirer of theirs remarked—that “they are nearly a’ working lads.”

The inhabitants of the Dean valley have long been celebrated for their excellence as musicians, both vocal and instrumental; and it is from this fact that their appellation of “Deyghn Layrocks” has arisen. From records more than a century and a half old, we learn that they were in the habit of meeting in each other’s houses by turns, and practising together the compositions, sacred and secular, which our country can boast in such rich abundance. Many pieces of their own composing bear the impress of ability far beyond mediocrity, and deserve to be more generally known. Some of these have, indeed, already gone abroad into the world, and are sung in places widely apart; being admired by those who are unable to localise either their origin or authorship.

I have in my possession a collection, in manuscript, of no fewer than fifty sacred pieces, consisting of psalm tunes and chants, composed by residents in the Dean valley, and in other parts of Rossendale, several of whom are still living. Large as this number is, I have reason to believe that it is but a fractional part of what might be collected in the locality. Some of the names given to the pieces are characteristic of the dry humour of the authors—a quality which is largely possessed by many of the old inhabitants of the Forest. Among the list we find "Happy Simeon," "Little Amen," "Bocking Warp," "Strong Samson," "Old Methuselah," and "Spanking Rodger."

Numerous are the stories that are told of the modes in which the enthusiasm of the "Layrocks" is or was displayed in their pursuit of the musical art. In hand-loom days, when every man's house was his workshop, it was usual for

the Deyghners to repair to each other's houses alternately, after the Sunday's service at the chapel, and continue their practice of music far into the small hours of the Monday morning, and on rising, after a brief repose, the Monday was spent in a similar manner. Very often the Tuesday also was devoted to the like purpose. But sound, however sweet, is but sorry food for hungry stomachs, and, consequently, during the remaining days of the week, the loom had to be plied with unremitting vigour to supply the ever-recurring wants of the household.

It is related of two of the "Layrocks," father and son, that they had long been busy trying to master a difficult piece of music, one with the violin, the other with the violoncello, but were still unable to execute certain of the more intricate movements to their satisfaction. They had put their instruments aside for the night, and had retired to rest. After his "first sleep,"

the younger enthusiast, in ruminating over the performance of the evening, thought that if he might only rise and attempt the piece *then*, he should be able to manage it. Creeping from under the bed-clothes, he awoke his father, who also arose; and soon the two in their shirts might have been seen, through the unscreened window, flourishing their bows at an hour when ordinary mortals are laid unconscious in the arms of Somnus. The lonely traveller, had there been one at that untimely hour, would surely, like Tam o' Shanter as he passed

“ By Alloway's auld haunted kirk,” have felt his hair rising on end at the sight of the two ghostly individuals scraping music at the dead of night, and in such unwonted attire.

The impression produced upon my mind by a visit paid some years ago, in the month of June, to the oldest chapel at Lumb, on the occasion

of the anniversary services there, will not easily be effaced from my memory. It was a "field day" among the "Deyghn Layrocks," and they mustered in strength, as though bent on maintaining the reputation they have acquired for their musical displays. The Singers' Gallery was thronged to excess. In the forefront was a dazzling row of buxom girls, with ruddy faces and sparkling eyes, the picture of that rosy health which the fresh and bracing air of the hillside imparts ; and all were decked out in bonnets newly trimmed with artificial flowers and ribbons of the brightest hue, in every variety of colour and arrangement. Neither in their other apparel was there any lack of neatness, many of the girls displaying superior taste, and dressing in a manner approaching to elegance. For weeks before the anniversary Sundays of the various places of worship throughout Rossendale, those who "ply the needle and thread" have a busy time of it ;

for it is the custom of the single lasses to appear at church or chapel on those occasions in the finery which has to serve the purpose of dazzling the eyes and captivating the hearts of the rural swains during the intervening twelve months. But this is a digression. Behind the girls were the males of every age, from the youthful tyro to the hoary and spectacled patriarchs of the valley ; and in the rear, were the instrumentalists, amongst whom the fiddlers, large and small, predominated. The mellow flute and the clarionet had their representatives ; and, dotted here and there, might be seen a brass instrument, reflecting the bright sunshine that gleamed through the windows of the humble edifice.

I entered just as the musicians were completing the tuning of their instruments, and found the chapel crowded in every part. Soon the minister ascended the pulpit, and opened

the service by giving out the noble hymn of Dr. Watts :

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

The tune selected by the leader of the choir was "Nativity," and with a precision which long practice had rendered easy, and which Charles Hallé would have admired had he been there to listen, the whole body of singers and instrumentalists struck briskly off into the fine old lilting measure; the deep bass of the violoncellos and manly voices, alternating with the treble and alto of the lesser instruments and the sweet, clear, silver tones of the females, in the frequent repetition of the lines. With reverent voice the minister then perused the sacred volume; his lucid comments enforcing the truths of Holy Writ, and with marvellous power bringing home the Bible narrative to the experiences of our common humanity. Not less impressive

and effectual was the earnest prayer, spoken in that homely, vigorous Saxon, which, needing no interpreter, is all-powerful to touch the heart. The hymn which followed the prayer was one familiar to many of my readers :

God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the raging waves rejoice ;
And one soft word—'tis thy command—
Can sink them silent in the sand :

and this being sung to “Glad Tidings,” the effect produced upon the unsophisticated mind by the noble lines of the poet, and the weird, exultant music, may be more easily imagined than described.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !

But the great treat of the afternoon was when, the sermon being concluded, the “Hallelujah Chorus” was given by the choir. The fervent enthusiastic countenances of the men, many of

whom were awkward and even clownish in their dress and appearance, contrasting finely with the less serious, but not less earnest and expressive faces of the female portion of the rural choir, as the grand anthem, "within no walls confined," rose heavenward to the great Eternal, who is the subject and burden of its strain. Neither was the singing limited to the choir—the majority of the congregation were familiar with the song, and loud hallelujahs filled the house of God.





OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian.

“Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev’n his failings lean’d to virtue’s side.”

The Deserted Village.

WE can almost fancy that we see, tramping along the high road between Dublin and Cork, a young person, whose dress and general appearance indicate him to be a poor college student. There is a careless good nature about his countenance that bespeaks a kind and generous disposition. There is a genial

frankness in his eye that denotes a heart wholly free from dissimulation. At intervals his visage wears a sad and thoughtful expression, and we trace on his features the impress of deep and earnest study. The careful expression, however, is but a passing cloud—scarcely a cloud, the shadow of a cloud—and the pleasant, good-natured smile again pervades his countenance. We set the young traveller down to be a poor scholar, and begin to feel curious to learn somewhat of his history.

The youth is about seventeen years of age ; in appearance older than that. Oliver Goldsmith, for it is he, has quarrelled with his tutor at Trinity College, Dublin. He has sold all his books and his spare clothing. He has parted with the little money these brought him, the most of it, doubtless, in acts of unrequited benevolence, and here he has undertaken a journey of one hundred and twenty-five miles, with but one solitary shilling in his pocket !

When Oliver was a boy he gave no very remarkable indication of the great talents which he in after years displayed. His cleverness, however, was sufficiently apparent to convince a few of his wealthier relatives (his father was comparatively poor) of the fact that somehow or other the germ of genius was within him, and they resolved to bear the expense of the lad's education. Previous to this he attended a school kept by an old soldier, who had been a quartermaster during the wars of Queen Anne. The school was a humble one, but Paddy Byrne, the master, was rather talented; remarkable for his sly humour, and for possessing an everlasting fund of stories—incidents of the wars, adventures by flood and field, hairbreadth escapes by sea and land, and droll tales of Irish life, (good Irish tales are unrivalled for their drollery,) all garnished, and exaggerated by his own vigorous imaginative faculties. The old soldier could relate these so cleverly, suiting his gestures to his words, that little Oliver was completely

fascinated, and evinced intense fondness for his teacher. We can imagine that the boy was a peculiar favourite of his master, his appreciation of his lessons in drollery were so marked and unmistakable. To these circumstances is to be attributed, in a great degree, the strong inclination for a wandering and unsettled life that in after years characterised Goldsmith; his desire to visit foreign lands, and the truthful and penetrating observations of character he learned to make.

From this, his first school, he was removed to one of higher pretensions, and from this again to another, by his rich relations, who had subscribed to pay for his education. Here he studied perseveringly until he was sixteen, and was then admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin. His tutor at college was a harsh and tyrannical man, of the old physical force school; and though Oliver occasionally studied hard, yet

(and this is a paradox that often occurs under such circumstances) he frolicked more. One unlucky evening he invited a number of his young friends and acquaintances, male and female, to his apartments, with the full determination to spend the hours in unrestrained mirth and jollity. In the midst of the dance, in strode the exasperated dominie, and in spite of remonstrance, floored the transgressor of college laws, and budged the whole assembly out into the street. Poor Goldsmith was both ashamed and angry at the cause of this abrupt termination of his merry-making, and it is in consequence of this incident that we find him now on his way to Cork.

Footsore, weary, and not over-fed, he has travelled on for three days. The last penny of the shilling went to purchase a slice of dry bread, which he shared with a hungry dog. He is at the point of starvation, but relief has arrived

in time. In what shape, think you? A poor but kind-hearted Irish peasant girl has presented him with a handful of pease! Truly Goldsmith learnt his lessons in the right school, or he had never been able to depict the character of the poor vicar in his straightened circumstances and his many troubles. He experienced, when young, the sympathy of more than one kind heart, and the remembrance of it never forsook him. He in turn failed not in his life to exercise benevolence towards his suffering fellowmen; indeed, excessive sympathy was one of his chief failings—his greatest failing—though one that “leaned to virtue’s side.” An application for help was never made to him in vain. He was always ready to share what he possessed with those who craved his assistance; nay, he often gave the whole earthly goods he possessed to the poor wretch that he saw was even less fortunate than himself. No reason to account for present misery was required by his kind heart. Actual suffering

was sufficient recommendation for any poor supplicant,—

“He quite forgot their vices in their woe.”

How emphatically has Poesy ever been the ministering angel of Poverty. Our lowliest-born spirits have ever been our sweetest singers. Affluence may boast the possession of the richest genius of Indus, but the evergreen braid, and the laurel wreath of song encircle the brow of lowly greatness.

It is a strong remark, but, with very few exceptions, it would seem that to be a truly great poet, the legacy of misfortune, in a greater or less degree, is indispensable. Unremitting toil must try the frame; and wring from the forehead the big sweat-drops of over-exertion. He is rocked in the cradle of affliction; poverty is often the portion of his life. That he should be the nursling of such apparently adverse influences may be accounted for. To an enthusiastic

temperament, the extreme of poverty has almost invariably for its attendant the extreme of hopefulness; and at times that buoyancy of soul which a consciousness of complete exemption from care produces. This is one of the seeming contradictions which Eternal Wisdom has permitted for eternal and glorious purposes. Corporeal troubles bend the bow: a dream of celestial happiness is the relaxation. Corporeal sorrow is the seed: strains of celestial sweetness the fruit. With what fitness may we apply the beautiful sentiment of another poet to Goldsmith,

“He learnt in suffering what he taught in song.”

Through the mediation of his elder brother, a reconciliation with his tutor was effected, and Goldsmith returned to college, but his stay there was of short duration. He was offered, and he accepted, a situation as Tutor, in a private family. Here he remained until he had

accumulated a little money, but it would have been a contradiction had his good fortune continued. Oliver, always unreflecting where his own interest was concerned, thirsted for adventure. His thirty pounds (the sum he had miraculously contrived to save), were much too heavy to carry for any length of time. The money was too hot to hold—it burnt a hole in his pocket. After wandering about the country for five or six weeks, no one knowing whither he had gone, he presented himself at his mother's door in a wretched plight, and poor as Lazarus. His uncle, a generous and good man, who had always been his friend, convinced that the embryo of future greatness was in the youth, furnished him with means to complete his education; and, after much kindly warning and advice, directed him on the way to London. But Goldsmith, at that time, did not reach his destination. At Dublin, just before embarking, he got in company with a gang of sharpers, and

lost the whole of his money at the gaming table. His good uncle, grieved and angry, forgave him once again, and sent him to Edinburgh, where he began, but with ill success, to study medicine under the most eminent physicians. After spending two years in the Scottish metropolis, he proceeded to Leyden, in Holland, intending to complete his professional studies; but improvidence, as usual, marked his actions, and he soon afterwards—partly from necessity, partly from choice—commenced his celebrated tour of Europe on foot. The outcome of those wanderings was his first great poem, “The Traveller.”

Let us for a moment examine this noble production of his muse. Goldsmith’s poetry is so much read and admired that it is almost unnecessary so to do; yet its peculiar beauties will bear recalling to mind. For several months our bard had wandered from country to country on the Continent. He had associated with men

of almost every grade. He had been at home in the shepherd's hut, and by the peasant's fireside, over the humblest of meals. He had been a guest at nearly every convent. With the learned savants of the time he had conversed and argued. The ignorance of untutored but kind-hearted humanity, he had seen and deplored. The wild grandeur, and the mild beauty of natural scenery were photographed upon his memory; and he had been a close observer of manners. In intellect fitted to hold converse with the statesman and the scholar, yet not too proud to associate with the poor, he was just the being to sketch from experience the different countries and their peculiarities.

At the beginning of the poem, which he dedicated to his elder brother, who was a clergyman in Ireland, after enumerating the many and various domestic pleasures and pursuits of his brother's rural home, and looking

with a wistful and regretful gaze back to the time when he also might have chosen a similar walk of life—obscure but happy—these beautiful lines occur,—

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care ;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own !

And then, as though with an effort of the mind, casting from him these depressing thoughts, as from Alpine heights he “looks downward where a hundred realms appear,”

Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride,

he breaks forth,—

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless Pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride disseminate all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;

And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

Relapsing again into the meditative mood, he
proceeds,—

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies ;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;

The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

After a few more preliminary reflections he proceeds with careful and amazing skill to sketch the character of the peoples of the different countries through which he passes—the sensual offspring of Italy, where may be seen

In bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.

The nobler Swiss race,—

Who force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
* * * * * * * * *
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter lingering chills the lap of May.

Holland's patient sons,

Who, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

But, in my opinion, the most striking delineation of national character contained in the poem, is

that of the French. Limned in the poet's line, the description holds good to this hour. Their sprightly tempers ; their relish of social ease ; their love of praise ; their high sense of honour, are all portrayed, briefly, it is true, but with consummate fidelity :

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please !
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wonderous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

After all is said and done, however, the patriot's "first best country ever is at home," so, after traversing the continent, he turns his eyes to Britain, and in rapturous language gives expression to his feelings,—

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide ;

* * * * *

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Further extract I will not make ; let my younger readers themselves peruse the poem, and let them not omit to read the letter of dedication to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, which is usually printed along with the poem. It is a perfect model of English literary composition.

The dear, kind, good uncle of the poet had now passed to his long home. Goldsmith, sadly depressed, for he had lost a tried friend, resolved to make his way over to England. His journey was long and toilsome, generally accomplished

on foot, and during the coldest months of the year. Travelling by way of France, he landed in London in the early part of 1756. Weary and worn, without a penny in the world, in a suit which had seen many a continental storm, and had braved them all, not scathless, but bearing the marks of rough encounter. As poor as Chatterton, and with a soul no less independent, he jostled the crowds of London streets. His brave, hopeful, patient Irish spirit, however, did not droop in despair like that of the “marvellous boy.” The consequential apothecary in town might laugh, as he *did* laugh, at the idea of engaging such an uncouth, weather-beaten, twenty-eight-year-old apprentice; our poet sighed, but persevered. Often did his applications for employment meet with a cold repulse. After suffering much privation, a charitable chemist took pity on his forlorn condition, and employed the future author of “The Vicar of Wakefield” to spread

plaisters, and compound boluses behind his counter. It was an office of great drudgery, and offering little remuneration, but he cheerfully toiled till something better could be found. Shortly after this we find him usher in a school; and again in a little while practising as a physician in the suburbs, (he had previously taken a medical degree at Padua, in Italy) and writing occasionally for the magazines.

After suffering many disappointments, Goldsmith, casting all other projects to the winds, commenced the business of a professed author. From henceforth his life was one wild extreme. At one time possessing money in abundance; at another reduced to absolute want. Now treating the circle of his friends to a sumptuous dinner at the "Crow and Crown," and again racking his brain to discover the means to provide a breakfast. The curt saying, "no song no supper," became a literal fact in

the life of Goldsmith. Extremity was at once the bane and glory of his existence, his kind genius, and his ensnaring demon, his life and his poison; the destroyer of his body, and the builder of that fair fame which will prove contemporaneous with the ages. To say that Goldsmith was one of the sweetest of poets, is but to reiterate the oft repeated verdict of posterity.

It is amazing to think of the number of subjects upon which his pen was now employed: Philosophy, Biography, History, and Poetry, he attempted them all, and excelled in each. As a crowning stroke, his celebrated "Chinese Letters," afterwards published as "The Citizen of the World," began to make their appearance. I have always looked upon these letters as matchless productions. The richest humour here minglest with the deepest pathos. In the latter quality they have perhaps only one compeer—

McKenzie's "Man of Feeling." His arrows of sarcasm are tipped with the brightest and sharpest wit. The notion of the work is excellent. A Chinese philosopher sojourning in England, writing to his friends Fum Hoam, and Hingpo, in China, criticising our manners and customs, and speaking his mind freely on all our peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, just as we should expect such a strange being as a Chinese philosopher would do. I promise my readers a rich fund of instruction and amusement, if, not having already done so, they will peruse "The Citizen of the World." In one of the letters there is a hit at the vagaries of that fickle Dame, Fashion. The letter is addressed to Fum Hoam; and though our fashions have undergone a transformation since the time of Goldsmith, the pungency of his remarks will be appreciated. He writes:—

"I have as yet given you but a short and "imperfect description of the ladies of England.

“Woman, my friend, is a subject not easily
“understood even in China ; what, therefore,
“can be expected from my knowledge of the sex
“in a country where they are universally allowed
“to be riddles, and I but a stranger ?

“What chiefly distinguishes the sex at present
“is the train. As a lady’s quality or fashion
“was once determined here by the circumference
“of her hoop, both are now measured by the
“length of her tail. Women of moderate
“fortunes are contented with tails moderately
“long ; but ladies of true taste and distinction
“set no bounds to their ambition in this par-
“ticular. I am told that the lady mayoress, on
“days of ceremony, carries one longer than a
“bell-wether of Bantam, whose tail, you know,
“is trundled along in a wheelbarrow.

“The ladies here make no scruple to laugh at
“the smallness of a Chinese slipper, but I fancy
“our wives in China would have a more real
“cause of laughter could they but see the

“immoderate length of a European train. Head
“of Confucius ! to view a human being crippling
“herself with a great unwieldy tail for our
“diversion ! Backward she cannot go ; forward
“she must move, but slowly ; and if ever she
“attempts to turn round it must be in a circle
“not smaller than that described by the wheeling
“crocodile when it would face an assailant.
“And yet to think that all this confers importance
“and majesty ! To think that a lady acquires
“additional respect from fifteen yards of trailing
“taffety ! I cannot contain—ha, ha, ha ! this
“is certainly a remnant of European barbarity ;
“the female Tartar dressed in sheepskins is in
“far more convenient drapery.

“Their own writers have sometimes inveighed
“against the absurdity of this fashion, but
“perhaps it has never been ridiculed so well as
“upon the Italian theatre, where Pasquariello,
“being engaged to wait upon the Countess
“of Fernambroco, having one of his hands

“employed in carrying her muff, and the other
“her lap-dog, he bears her train majestically along
“by sticking it in the waistband of his breeches!”

These remarkable “Chinese Letters” appeared originally at regular intervals in a periodical or newspaper of the day, called “The Public Ledger.” As they were inserted anonymously, a continual enquiry was made as to who the gifted author could be. As the fame of the “Letters” extended, the circulation of the paper increased. Each new number as it issued from the press was sought after with avidity, and every number added a wreath to the philosopher’s fame; till at length these inimitable “Letters” became a household word.

In the midst of numberless other labours “The Vicar of Wakefield” appeared. The circumstances under which it was completed are well known to most readers. We can easily

fancy we see the termagant landlady importuning for her rent, and, with the key in her fat fist, holding in durance vile her poor belated prisoner; and the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, tramping upstairs, sinking into a seat, and, after listening impatiently to the half ludicrous, half pathetic story of lodgerdom, shrugging his burly shoulders as he peruses the manuscript with an eye at once critical and admiring. How he at length pockets the work, and, rising from his seat, commands the landlady to be silent until his return. How in a short time he reappears with sixty pounds, the price of the "Vicar." No word of mine is needed in commendation of this classical story; those who have read it have not failed to admire its homely beauty and simplicity.

The publication of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was followed by the comedy of "The Good Natured Man," a piece eminently original, and which yet commands overflowing houses.

Numerous minor works followed, and then came his last great poem, "The Deserted Village."

Would you choose to linger for an hour amid the luxuriant imagery of a poet's fancy? Wander with Goldsmith to his dearly beloved Auburn! Hath music an altar in the temple of thy soul? Then let Auburn's nightingale delight thee! It is tiresome jogging along the dusty road of middle life; let Goldsmith's lines lead thee back to the cool fountains of the past, and there imbibe the pleasures of thine early day—be a wild, glad youth once more. Youth! art thou ambitious to be a man? Learn from the character of the Village Preacher what are the true ornaments of manhood. Are the cares and anxieties of business irksome and harassing? Seize the spirit of the bard, and revel in his imaginings. Dost thou mourn the miseries of man? Then mingle thy regrets with the lamentations of our sweet poet, and let his pathetic strains speak the feelings of thy inmost heart!

We all love the “Deserted Village.” It tells of joys we have all experienced; it speaks of sorrows we have all in some measure tasted.

Amidst so much that is beautiful in this poem, selection is difficult. Few things are finer than the following description of the sports of the village,—

How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The youth contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleight of art and feats of strength went round ;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove :
These were thy charms, sweet village ! * * *

Goldsmith's poetry is of the heart rather than the head, of feeling rather than of reason ; but it was deep conviction, and no mere sentimental heart-throb that led him to give utterance to the oft-quoted lines,—

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

It would be superfluous to quote at length the description of the village Preacher,—

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

And that of the village Schoolmaster,—

Whose words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.

The following beautiful lines were intended by the poet to be of personal application,—

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw
And, as a hare whom hounds and horn pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest Retirement ! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine ;
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate :
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past !

But Goldsmith shakes hand with the muse, and
sings in this wise,—

* * Sweet Poetry ! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade :
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride :
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare-thee-well !

In the year 1773 his mirth provoking comedy,
“She stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a
Night,” appeared. His last work of note was
the “History of the Earth and Animated Nature,”
written in his own pleasing style. The profits
arising from his various works were now very
considerable ; and with care and prudent man-
agement he might have amassed a respectable
competency. But as his means augmented, his
benevolence increased. His foresight, if ever he
possessed any, forsook him entirely. He forgot

to be just to himself before he was generous to others. If sin this was, it was the sin of a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

Towards the end of his brief life the mind of the poet began to show evident signs of gloom and depression, without a doubt caused by severe and constant application to his literary labours. In the spring of the year 1774, he was attacked by a nervous fever, and on the 4th day of April he passed beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns.

We would say no more about thy failings, poor Goldsmith ! We would not rake thy errors from the silent tomb. As excessive benevolence was the spring whence they issued, so let unstinted forbearance cover them all !

His remains lie within the Temple grounds, scarcely beyond ear-shot of the roar of Fleet.

Street ; and Westminster Abbey contains a Monument erected to his memory, on which is the following inscription, written by Dr. Johnson, his contemporary and friend,—

THIS MONUMENT
IS RAISED TO THE MEMORY OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
POET, NATURAL PHILOSOPHER,
AND HISTORIAN,

who left no species of writing untouched or unadorned by his pen. Whether to move laughter or draw tears, he was a powerful master over the affections, though at the same time a gentle tyrant ; of a genius at once sublime, lively, and equal to every subject ; in expression at once noble, pure, and delicate. His memory will last as long as Society retains Affection ; Friendship is not devoid of Honour, and Reading wants not her admirers. He was born in the Kingdom of Ireland, at Fernes, in the province of Leinster, where Pallas had set her name, 29th November, 1731. He was educated at Dublin, and Died in London, 4th April, 1774.



THE KNIGHT'S STRATAGEM.

LINFORTH HALL is an ancient baronial residence of portly dimensions and venerable appearance, situated in the midst of extensive grounds—timbered and park lands, over which the deer, the rich man's luxury, wanders at will.

About the time when this story begins, the hall and surrounding estate had passed into the hands of a distant relation of the previous and now deceased owner; no heir having been born

to him to inherit his wide possessions. The record of this circumstance has no direct bearing upon the narrative, save that it may help to reconcile an apparent want of coherency in the particulars related.

The owner, Sir Gilbert Wentworth, was a man of great wealth, and of much benevolence. When the Linforth estate came into his possession, he retained in his service all the domestics of his predecessor who chose to remain, and strove to make himself acquainted with the circumstances of his new tenantry. The spiritual welfare of the people was not neglected by Sir Gilbert, a spacious room in the mansion being set apart by him, and furnished as a place of worship, a chaplain being duly appointed. Here, on each recurring sabbath, and on occasional evenings during the week, religious service was held, and free to all who chose to attend.

Such being the state of affairs, it may be supposed that a large display of gratitude on the part of those so well cared for would have rewarded the generous knight for his efforts to secure their welfare. Such, indeed, was the general effect produced by the untiring exercise of so much kindness. One delinquent, however, if not more, existed amongst the number of his domestics, as was clearly evidenced by the mysterious disappearance from time to time, of pieces of the massive and valuable family plate which Sir Gilbert possessed in rich abundance. Strict watch had been kept in the store room where the valuables were deposited, but the thief was too wary and circumspect to suffer himself to be surprised in the act of committing his depredations. The delinquent, hitherto, had defied all efforts at detection. For a time the fact of the occurrence of the thefts had been kept secret from the general body of domestics, lest publicity might thwart the ends of justice;

but eventually a reward was offered to any one who would furnish a clue to the discovery of the robber. Notwithstanding this, great as was the amount of the reward offered, the guilty person continued to elude detection.

The circumstances were all the more strange, inasmuch as no one could obtain admittance, save by surreptitious means, to the repository of the plate, except Sir Gilbert himself, and old Colin Swift who acted as butler and general confidential servant to the worthy knight. Colin was above suspicion, and though he had not been long in the service of Sir Gilbert, the latter reposed the deepest trust in him; and the thought that Colin could prove dishonest never for a moment entered his mind. The locks of the door and chests were altered so as to defeat further attempts, if duplicate keys had been used. For a time this seemed to have the desired effect, and the past depredations were

beginning to be forgotten, when, lo ! in spite of the precautions adopted, the abstraction of yet another valuable piece of silver plate startled the inmates of the hall from their equanimity. Sir Gilbert was completely nonplussed ; and the old butler, equally out-maneuvred, shook his head, and raised his hands in astonishment at the daring and audacity of the undiscovered plunderer.

One night, as the domestics were seated round the fire retailing the gossip of the kitchen, and raising conjectures as to the cause of the mysterious disappearance of the treasures from the strong room, a loud and awkward knock resounded at the hall door. The footman, on answering the summons, was confronted by a tall, sailor-looking man, with bushy whiskers, and somewhat rude in appearance and manner ; who, on being informed in reply to his query, that Sir Gilbert Wentworth was the owner and

occupier of the mansion, bluntly asked to see the worthy knight. The servant refused to comply with the request, on the plea that the hour was untimely, and his master had probably retired to rest. The sailor, however, was importunate, and claimed long acquaintance with Sir Gilbert, who, he assured the servant, would be overjoyed to see him after so many years' absence in foreign lands ; and who would regret till the day of his death that Tom Jenkins should have returned to his vessel without calling to drink his health in a glass of grog. Remonstrance was unavailing, the sailor would not be denied entrance ; at length the domestic reluctantly allowed him a seat in the vestibule, and proceeded to deliver to his master the message of his unusual visitor.

The knight had not retired, but was sitting reading in the library. On hearing the report of the footman, he desired that the stranger

might be shown into the room. The sailor's estimate of the welcome reception he should receive was not overdrawn; for Sir Gilbert, after having for a moment surveyed him from head to foot, stepped forward, and with both his hands shook the outstretched hand of his visitor, (to the no little surprise of the footman and Old Colin, who had followed in behind), welcomed him to his abode, and pressed him to stay for a time and enjoy the hospitalities of Linforth Hall.

“But,” added the knight, “the hour is late, and doubtless you, Tom, are tired with your journey hither; I will not weary you with needless enquiries at present, as we shall have future opportunities of hearing you recount your adventures.” Then addressing himself to the old butler :

“Colin, I leave my guest in your care; Tom Jenkins is the son of an old and esteemed valet, who, after long years of faithful service, was

removed from me by death ; let his son, who also was my servant for a time, partake freely of the hospitalities of my house ; state these particulars to my domestics, and let Tom Jenkins be received among them with due welcome and respect, and have free egress and ingress whenever he may choose, so long as he may feel inclined to remain under this roof."

These instructions concluded, the bluff sailor was dismissed, after another hearty shake of the hand, in charge of the old butler.

A fortnight or more had elapsed after the events narrated, and Tom expressed his intention of returning to his vessel in the course of the following day, his time of absence having nearly expired. Towards evening, the labours of the day being closed, the servants were seated round the ample fire in the kitchen ; and the sailor, who had become a favourite among them, owing to his jovial manner, and because of the

thrilling stories he was constantly relating of his adventures in foreign countries, his exploits on sea and land, and his hair-breadth escapes from shipwrecks, was in the midst of one of his "yarns."

Their vessel laboured off the west coast of North America in a storm the like of which she had not previously encountered. Suddenly she struck on a hidden rock, which stove in her timbers, causing the vessel to heel over on her beam ends. The sea rushed in and filled the hold, all hands were called to the pumps, and for a night and a day the captain and crew toiled incessantly to bring her to land. Their efforts were unavailing ; the ship was gradually but certainly sinking. Their only safety lay in abandoning her to her fate. With this determination the life-boat was lowered, and a quantity of provisions and the valuables from the captain's cabin deposited therein. The last

man had lowered himself safely, when a wild and terrible sea broke against the sinking vessel. The next instant she went down, and in the whirlpool caused by her sudden descent, the lifeboat with her crew was engulfed. On emerging from the devouring waves, it was found that the whole of the crew, with the exception of the captain, the second mate, and Tom himself, had been swept overboard and were lost. Luckily a portion of the food, and the whole of the valuables were saved. By dint of hard struggling, and after suffering great privations for several days, land was sighted, towards which they pulled with all their remaining strength, which having at last safely reached, they found to be a portion of the North American continent, and inhabited by a tribe of Red Indians. From the natives they experienced the utmost kindness, being entertained at the dwelling of the chief of the tribe.

The captain's property which had been saved from the wreck, now stood the mariners in good stead, for it consisted largely of silver plate. This the chief greatly admired and envied; giving the sailors by signs to understand that if they would dispose of the treasure to him, he would in return supply them with a vast quantity of furs and skins of the rarest and most splendid description. To this they readily assented; the exchange was effected to their mutual satisfaction, and the travellers furnished with the means of overland conveyance to one of the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, from whence they embarked in a vessel bound for England; where, having safely arrived, they disposed of the fruits of their barter to great advantage: the captain retaining one half the proceeds, and generously dividing the other half betwixt Tom and his companion.

"That," concluded Tom, "is the history of my latest adventure; unfortunate at the outset,

it turned out lucky in the end ; and in three days more, wind and weather being favourable, I hope to be on my way back to visit the friendly red man, and to do a little traffic with him on my own account."

Tom had just concluded the story of his adventure when the bell rung for the evening service ; and the servants repaired to the chapel, which was in the farther wing of the mansion.

As the sailor, who was one of the last, was about to enter the door, he felt some one touch his shoulder ; and, turning round, saw the butler, Colin Swift, beckoning with his hand.

"Come Tom," said he, "let those pray that are troubled with qualms of conscience, we'll go back and spoil a bottle of ale, while we enjoy a quiet pipe by ourselves."

Tom hesitated, remarking that Sir Gilbert would not be pleased if he missed them from

their accustomed place at service; but Colin was obstinate, and, taking the sailor by the arm, said he wanted to have a little private conversation with him before he started on his approaching trading voyage. Without raising further objection, Tom walked back with the butler to the kitchen which they had but recently vacated.

“So you are going out to do a little business on your own account?” remarked the butler in an enquiring tone, after the corks had been drawn, and the smoke of their respective pipes was curling upwards towards the wainscotted ceiling.

“Precisely so,” replied Tom, “to do business with the Indians on my own account. You see the risks are not very great, and the profits of a successful venture are immense. I am anxious to make a little money, and then quit the sea-faring life; this I hope to accomplish by my venture. I have laid up a stock of various articles which are of a kind to attract the

untutored mind of the red man ; and the choice skins which I hope to receive in exchange will be the making of me when I return in six or eight months hence."

"Let me drink success to your voyage, and a safe and speedy return to Old England," said Colin ; and he raised the glass to his lips and drained its contents.

"Thanks for your good wishes, comrade," replied the sailor.

"Would you have any objection," began the butler, after a lengthened silence, in a subdued voice, and leaning over the table towards his companion, "Would you have any objection to do a little business on commission for a friend?"

"No objection in the world," responded Tom, "If you have any friend who may feel inclined to speculate so far, or if you yourself, Colin, are desirous of making a venture, I shall be most happy to take charge of any little commodity you may entrust me with."

The butler, stretching across the table, grasped the hand of the sailor and shook it cordially, though with somewhat of a nervous tremour.

"A distant relative, who was wealthy, died some time since, and left me a quantity of his silver plate; I shall pack it all up," said the butler, "and send it down to the port where your vessel is lying. This you will dispose of to the best advantage on my behalf; you shall be no loser by doing me this good turn. Above all things, however, let this transaction be kept a profound secret! Let it rest between ourselves, and depend upon it, I shall remember you all the more liberally for keeping quiet."

The sailor assured him he would do his duty in that respect. The butler then rising, desired Tom to sit and enjoy his pipe alone for a short time until he should return. In a few minutes he reappeared, and, after cautiously glancing round the room, drew from his coat pocket a richly chased silver drinking cup, which he

handed to the sailor, pressing him to accept it as a gift, at the same time enjoining him to remember that the closest secrecy was to be observed regarding their conversation that night, and the mutual arrangement which had resulted therefrom.

The day following the circumstances above narrated, the domestics had assembled for dinner, the table even more generously furnished than usual, in honour of the approaching departure of sailor Tom.

The latter had, a few minutes before, gone out of the room, and the butler was busily engaged in carving a huge joint, when the attention of all was arrested by the entrance of a stranger, closely followed by the stately figure of the Knight. The former, advancing to the middle of the room, drew from his breast pocket an authoritative looking document, which he proceeded to read aloud, and which proved to

be nothing less than a warrant for the apprehension of Colin Swift, butler in the service of Sir Gilbert Wentworth, Knight, on the charge of "having on sundry occasions surreptitiously, nefariously, and feloniously abstracted from the strong room of Linforth Hall, certain pieces of silver plate, the same being the property of his master, the said knight, for the purpose and with the intent to appropriate the said plate to his own use."

During the reading of the warrant, the knife and fork had dropped from the hands of the self-convicted robber, who, sinking into a chair, covered his face, and groaned aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

It only remains to be told, that the dishonest servant made a full confession of his guilt, and revealed the place where he had from time to time deposited the stolen property. On being afterwards brought to trial for his offence, he

was awarded the punishment due to his unfaithfulness.

The reader will scarcely need to be informed that the London detective who arrested the butler bore a striking resemblance to our friend Tom Jenkins ; the bushy whiskers, however, were gone, and the sailor's dress had been exchanged for one more in harmony with his real character.





EDWIN WAUGH.

THE soil of Lancashire has not been prolific of many poets of extraordinary power. Good writers of verse there are and have been in abundance ; and for the multitude and fecundity of its minor poets and rhymers, perhaps Lancashire eclipses every other county in the United Kingdom. But the true poetical genius, here, as elsewhere, has been but rare in its manifestations. It will scarcely be questioned that Edwin Waugh is the foremost poet that the County Palatine has hitherto produced. The

nervous vigour and beauty of his style, his freshness and originality, and the power which he evinces of embodying the every-day life of Lancashire—all these, and other unnamed qualities, attest the presence amongst us of a poet of most excellent genius.

In the fullest sense Waugh is a true son of Lancashire. His best productions, whether in poetry or prose,—for he is equally at home in both,—are written in the dialect of the county, and in no other garb would they have been as powerful to impress the minds, and stir the hearts of the people. The larger portion of his volume of “Poems and Songs,” published in 1861, and dedicated to his distinguished townsman, John Bright, consists of pieces written in ordinary English, which, had he produced no other, would have given him a niche in the Temple of the Muses. These, however, as a whole, lack the originality and power, and also

that quality of abounding humour, which so greatly distinguishes his poems in the dialect ; and it is doubtless owing to this that they are eclipsed by the latter in the esteem of the public. Beautiful, however, many of the poems are : rich in lofty sentiment ; patriotic in tone ; breathing thoughts full of honest independence, and warm with sympathy for the poor. His descriptions of Nature under her different aspects are fresh and true, showing how observant he has been of her various moods. There is, in addition to all these qualities, a wealth of graceful imagery, and a facility of expression about his poems in English, which make their perusal a delight. The one entitled "Nightfall," is chaste and sweet :—

* * * * *

The soft wind whispers on its moody way ;
The plumpy woodlands in the moonlight play ;
 Night's tapers gleam
 In the gliding stream ;
Heaven's eyes are watching while the earth doth dream.

* * * * *

Decay, that in my very breath doth creep,
 Thou surely art akin to this soft sleep,
 That shews the way
 To a bed of clay,
 Whose wakeless slumbers close the mortal day.

And thus, with ceaseless roll, time's silent wave
 Lands me each night upon a mimic grave,
 Whose soft repose
 Hints at life's close—
 Death's fleets are cruising where life's current flows.

Eloquent and suggestive lines these. Full of poetry also is the little poem entitled, "Time is Flying,"—

* * * * *

Oh, what is life
 But duty's strife?

A drill ; a watchful sentry's round ;
 A brief campaign
 For deathless gain ;
 A bivouac on battle-ground.

An arrow's flight ;
 A taper's light ;
 A fitful day of sun and cloud ;
 A flower ; a shade ;
 A journey made
 Between a cradle and a shroud.

Oh, what is death ?
A swordless sheath !
A jubilee ; a mother's call ;
A kindly breast,
That offers rest
Unto the poorest of us all ;

The wretched's friend ;
Oppression's end ;
The outcast's shelter from the cold ;
To regions dim
The portal grim,
Where misers leave their loads of gold ;

A voyage o'er ;
A misty shore,
With time-wrecked generations strown ;
Where each mad age
Has spent its rage
Upon a continent unknown.

His "Moorland Flower" is an exquisite little poem ; and his "Christmas Song," "The Captain's Friends," "Here's to my Native Land," "To the Rose-tree on my Window-sill," and several other of his English pieces are worthy to be more widely known and appreciated.

But as a poet in the vernacular of his native county of Lancaster, Edwin Waugh reigns without a rival. All his songs, without exception, betray distinctive marks of uncommon poetic genius. They possess, throughout, a sustained breadth and excellence of character not always found in the writings of even our greatest poets. Waugh's Lancashire Songs approach perfection. They are metallic in their workmanship and finish, having their obverse and reverse minted with exquisite skill; beautiful, substantial, rich, and with that genuine ring which bespeaks the kingly metal. There is such a completeness about some of the verses that they impress us with the idea of spontaneous growth, rather than of constructive art—of growth from a luxurious soil, rich in the elements of which, beauty, and the twin-sisters, humour and pathos, are compounded. By reason of their proverbial terseness and pungency, they linger upon the mind, and are there ready for quotation and application.

In most of the Songs there are scintillations of humour which strike the mind with sudden surprise ; and these sometimes glide naturally into the domain of the truest pathos, whilst the pathetic again merges in the humourous. But often there is such a delicate blending of the two in the same quatrain, that the reader, under the feelings of quiet pleasure that have been excited in his breast, turns again to peruse the sentiments which, he feels, contain that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

In his didactic moods the author of “Come whoam to thi Childer and me” is equally happy. He can preach a sermon in a line,

“ And wrap the soul in meditative thought.”

Let me illustrate this. Take the following verse from the song, “While takin’ a wift o’ my Pipe”—

We’n nobbut a life-time apiece here below,
An’ th’ lungest is very soon spent ;
There’s summat aboon measures cuts for us o’,
An’ th’ most on ‘em nobbut a fent ;

Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
We'n make th' best o'th' stuff till its done,
An' when it leets eaut to get rivven a bit,
Let's darn it as weel as we con ;
When th' order comes to us
To doff these owd clooas,
There'll surely be new uns to don.

What a fine energising spirit of independence there is here ! But, indeed, the whole poem, of which this verse is the last, overflows with homely wisdom, bravely and beautifully and tenderly expressed.

Witness also the inimitable lines from "God bless these Poor Folk,"—

Owd Time—he's a troublesome codger—
Keeps nudgin' us on to decay,
An' whispers, "Yo're nobbut a lodger :
Get ready for goin' away ! "

We are often apt to exclaim, and not without reason, that listening to sermonizing is a weariness of the flesh. But who would think of applying the remark to the following bit of

quaint philosophy from the song, "Tickle Times,"—

This life's sich a quare little travel—
A marlock wi' sun an' wi' shade—
An' then, on a bowster o' gravel,
They lay'n us i' bed wi' a spade !

* * * * *

One feels, neaw at times are so nippin',
A mon's at a troublesome schoo',
That slaves like a horse for a livin',
An' flings it away like a foo';
But as pleasure's sometimes a misfortin',
An' trouble sometimes a good thing—
Though we liven o'th' floor, same as layrocks,
We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing !

And, as more particularly illustrating the blending together of the humorous with the pathetic, take the well-known verse from "Come whoam to thi Childer an' me," where the poor wife is describing to her husband the difficulty she had in getting the children to rest for the night, the little ones longing to sit up until their truant er should come home :—

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
 Afore aw could get him upstairs ;
 Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
 He said, when he're saying his prayers ;
 Then he look'd i' my face, an' he said,
 " Has th' boggarts taen howd o' my dad ? "
 An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red—
 He likes thee some weel does yon lad !

And again from "Hard Times,"—

This world's kin to trouble ; i'th' best on't,
 There's mony sad changes come reawnd ;
 We wandern abeaut to find rest on't,
 An' th' worm yammers for us i'th' greawnd ;
 May he that'll wortch while he's able,
 Be never long hungry nor dry ;
 An' th' childer 'at sit at his table—
 God bless 'em wi' plenty, say I.

One likes to see hearty folk wortchin',
 An' weary folk havin' a rest ;
 One likes to yer poor women singin'
 To th' little things laid o' their breast ;
 Good cooks are my favourite doctors ;
 Good livers my parsons shall be ;
 An' ony poor crayter 'ut's clemmin',
 May come have a meawthful wi' me.

And in "Tum Rindle," who, "tiret o' keawrin
 i'th' nook, and wastin' time i' thinkin'," resolves

to have a merrymaking, and so enumerates the friends and neighbours he intends to invite,—

An' th' lads and lasses they sha'n sing,
 An' fuut it, leet an' limber ;
 An' Robin Lilter, he shall bring
 His merry bit o' timber !

An' Joe shall come, an' Jone, an' Ben ;
 An' poor owd limpin' 'Lijah ;
 An' Mall, an' Sall, an' Fan, an' Nan,
 An' curly-pated 'Bijah ;

An' gentle Charlie shall be there ;
 An' little Dick, the ringer ;
 An' Moston Sam—aw like to yer
 A snowy-yedded singer !

But similar examples might be multiplied from every one of his Poems and Songs in the dialect. His lyre, touched with the flame of brotherly sympathy, and baptized with the milk of human kindness, dispenses thoughts full of homely wisdom and tender beauty.

Waugh has a warm side for poor folk, and a kindly word for poor folk's children. He is

familiar with the peculiar hardships that attend the lot of working people—of those, who, maintained by the labour of their hands, and, comfortable while such labour and its fruits are continued to them, are yet, many of them, constantly and unavoidably hovering on the confines of poverty. The inspiration of some of his best songs is due to the sympathetic impulses thus awakened within his breast. Waugh has been compared to Burns, and in his sympathy for the poor, as well as in the manly independence of spirit displayed in his writings, he is not unlike his great prototype. His songs though differing in their diction and general style from the songs of Burns, resemble the latter not a little in their naturalness, their truthful qualities, their humour, and the insight into human nature which they evince.

Truth to Nature is the prevailing characteristics of Waugh's best writings, whether in poetry

or prose. It is this, as it is in all the great productions of literature, that gives them their ineffable charm, and stamps them as of superlative value. Common, nay, commonplace as are the subjects, and many of the characters he describes and depicts, they are yet so full of material or of human nature, that we instinctively feel and say that here is the great mother's handywork and superscription. Is he describing natural scenery? We see it in every moor; in every clough and valley and highway. Does he descend to details in his description of the landscape? Then every tuft of heather, every moorland and wayside flower, the twittering birds, the trindling stream, the twilight gloom, the near and distant sounds—all serve as illustrations of his story. Is human character the theme of his pen? Who can fail to realize the subject of the picture, and embody the curious specimen of humanity that is portrayed with cunning hand! Waugh's writings offer a wide

field for the illustrator's art, and yet there is no writer who needs illustrating less ; for in his choicest pieces, either prose or rhyme, every page is bright with pictures that appeal with overwhelming force to the imaginative faculty of the reader, and spontaneously produce the embodiment in the mind's eye. But, though it may be said that few writers are more susceptible of graphic illustration than Waugh, this is a remark that must not be made without amplification. The artist who would aspire to adequately fulfil the task should possess in large degree the characteristic genius of the Lancashire poet himself, and a close personal knowledge of the characters and scenery that form the subject of his pen, otherwise he will fail in the accomplishment of his object ; and will fail also to satisfy the exactions of the appreciative reader.

The humour of Waugh's purely humorous songs is intensified and deepened by his strict

adherence to truth in the delineation of character. There is an entire absence of burlesque in his representations. He never distorts nature to compel laughter. Take "Owd Pinder" as a case in point—Owd Pinder, "who always crack'd o' deein, at th' end of every drinkin' do." The humour of the piece is irresistibly droll; yet there is no straining of parts, no exaggeration of failings or deformities to heighten the effect of the picture. We are perfectly familiar with the characters, both Pinder and Matty: they are essentially Lancashire, and may be found in almost every town in the County Palatine.

"Come, Matty, come, an' cool my yed,
Aw'm finished, to my thinkin' ;"
Hoo happed him nicely up, an' said,
" Thae's brought it on wi' drinkin' ! "—
" Nay, nay," said he, " My fuddle's done ;
We're partin' t'one fro' t'other ;
So, promise me that when aw'm gwon
Thae'll never wed another ! "

" Th' owd tale," said hoo, an' laft her stoo',
" It's rayley past believin' ;
Thee think o' th' world thea'rt goin' to,
An' leave this world to th' livin' ;

What use to me can deead folk be ?
Thae's kilt thisel' wi' spreein';
An' iv that's o' thae wants wi' me,
Get forrud wi' thi deein'!"

The same remarks apply to "Eawr Folk," perhaps the best known and most generally admired of his Lancashire pieces.

Waugh's prose writings are irregular in merit. Some of them are scarcely worthy of his pen. Others again are equal to any of his poetical pieces, and are a perfect mine of wealth to the student of Lancashire life and manners. It was inevitable that Waugh should have written much that is barely worth preserving ; unfortunately, the exigencies of living exact a continual production of literary work from our writers ; the temptations to meet the demand are great, so that even genius is often frittered away in the effort to maintain the supply.

If I might venture to point out what I consider the foremost productions of Waugh's

fertile pen, I would instance the whole of the Songs in the dialect; of these I would not make a single exception. In the prose writings, I would select "The Birtle Carter's Tale"; portions of "Besom Ben"; "The Old Fiddler," wherein is described the dance of Lobden Ben, in "Tufts of Heather." In "The Barrel Organ" there is abundant broad humorous description throughout, though the piece as a whole is unequal in merit. The sketch to which I should be inclined to allot the foremost place is "The Birtle Carter's Tale about Owd Bodle." For something to awaken the risible faculties, commend me to this story of Waugh's. But the rollicking exploit of Owd Bodle in ascending the chimney, admirably as it is described, is the least excellent portion of the whole; the racy humour, and vivid presentment of character contained in the introduction and epilogue, so to speak, are not surpassed in any sketch of similar length in the language.

Inferior in some of its parts to "Bodle" is the story of "Besom Ben." Taken as a whole, however, it is an excellent piece of work, and as fresh and fragrant as the heather that,

In the Spring-time o' the year,
surrounds Ben's moorland home. The finest portions of the story are contained in the first four chapters, and in the last three—the intermediate two would bear pruning with advantage. In his similes Waugh is often exceedingly happy; for instance, and it is only one out of a hundred, take the description from "Besom Ben" of the death of "Owd Wisp:"

* * * * *

"Hasto yerd abeawt Owd Wisp?"

"Nawe."

"Th' owd lad type't o'er abeawt ten o'clock this forenoon."

"Nay, sure! Is he gwon? * * * What did he dee on?"

"Oh, he deed quite natural; they never had no doctor to him. Thae knows he's very nee ninety. He went off, at th' end ov o', just like a bit ov a chylt foin' asleep in it kayther."

"Aye, aye ; an' is th' owd lad off whoam, then, at last ?"

"Aye. His daughter towd mo at dinner-time. Hoo sit bith bedside, tentin' him, abeawt nine o'clock this forenoon. An' hoo sattle't his pillow for him, and axed him heaw he feld. An' he towd her 'at he ail't nowt but want o' rest. An' then he turn'd his yed quietly o' one side, wi' his bit o'th' hont under his cheek, an' he said, 'Aw feel as iv aw could sleep neaw, Mary !' So hoo ill'd him up ; an' hoo crope't eawt, an' made him some gruel. An' when hoo come back wi't, hoo look't to see heaw he wur gettin' on. His cheek lee upov his hont—just same. An' his e'en wur shut, *like a Bible when th' service is o'er*. Mary thought it a good sign ; so hoo sit her quietly deawn again bith th' bedside, to wait till he wakkent. But hoo met ha' waited lung. Th' owd lad had doze't off into another world,—*like a cinder coolin' i'th' bottom ov a fire-grate i'th' neet-time.*"

Waugh has an intense and abiding love for the moorlands,

The wild sweet moorlands, bleak and dun,
and this feeling is constantly finding expression throughout his writings. His descriptions of moorland scenery and associations may worthily be classed with those given by Charlotte Bronté in her immortal work. About Waugh's pictures,

however, there is less of austere grandeur than is found in those of the author of "Jane Eyre." He prefers rather to depict them when Nature has assumed its holiday attire, and when the heather bell is gemm'd with early dew.

Before Waugh began to write his homely idyls, it was little believed that the rugged and, to many, unattractive, vernacular of Lancashire was capable of conveying thoughts clothed in so much either of tender beauty or of masculine vigour. And to his genius in popularizing the speech of his native county is due, in large measure, the recognised existence of so much of the mother element of the English language in the dialect of Lancashire. This at least is certain, that whereas the dialect in the minds of all but the philological student was previously viewed as associated with little else than vulgarity, it has now become fashionable to trace in its words and phrases the elements and foundation of our common tongue.

In making this assertion, I do not for a moment overlook the claims of other modern Lancashire writers—notably, Benjamin Brierley, the worthy contemporary and friend of the poet—to the honours of thus making popular the dialect in a wider sense than formerly ; but it will be readily admitted, that to Edwin Waugh is due, in an especial degree, the merit of what has been accomplished in this direction.

I cannot agree with those who pretend to make it a cause for regret that Waugh does not confine himself in his writings to a tongue that all might be able to understand without effort. There is a wealth and beauty in the simple Doric of Lancashire which we would not barter for all the latinity of a more pretentious style ; it will amply repay the student for the few hours of study required to overcome its difficulties. But apart from this, it is folly, and displays a want of critical acumen, to regret

that any writer does not attempt something or other for which, by his associations, his education, and a hundred unnamed circumstances of his life, to say nothing of his peculiar bent of mind, he may have been partially or totally unfitted for accomplishing. It is in his ability to mould the Lancashire dialect—his skill in the manipulation of his native speech—that most of Waugh's strength and his chief popularity consists. Does any one imagine that “Come whoam to thi childer and me,” with all its facile expression, and its homely truth and quaintness, could have been written in other than the Lancashire dialect? Imagine “Owd Pinder” in proper phraseology! As reasonable would it be to regret that Burns did not write “The twa Dogs” and “Tam o' Shanter” in polite English.





AFIELD WITH THE GEOLOGISTS.

“Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem testa diu.”

IN response to invitation, the members of the Manchester Geological Society resolved upon an excursion on November 21st, 18—, over the wide and interesting district commencing at Stubbins, and terminating at the head of the Rossendale valley.

During the whole of the day previous, a cold breeze had blown from the nor' west, and up to midnight the frost was intensely keen. The

only drawback to the promise of a fine day, was a suspicious halo that encircled the moon, betokening a change in the weather. About two o'clock in the morning, the writer got up and prospected appearances from the window. To his chagrin the moon was completely overcast, and the rain was coming down in an uncomfortable drizzle. Towards sunrise, however, it ceased ; and the damp mist which had been hovering over the valley, gathered up its trailing skirts, and gradually disappeared along the hills. As morning broke, the weather was everything that could be desired ; the rain overnight had cleared the atmosphere, and throughout the entire day the wide landscape was distinctly visible from the hill tops.

The science of geology presents to its votaries several marked advantages over those possessed by the kindred *excursive* sciences of botany and entomology. When winter with its icy fingers

stiffens the roots of the tender plant, and holds the insect in grasp of adamant, it serves rather to unlock the treasures of the quarry. In summer the geologist pursues his pleasant occupation ; in winter he sniffs the bracing air of the upland, and continues his investigations with undiminished zest.*

With some such exultant feelings the members of the society, and a number of invited friends, set out on their excursion. Stubbins station, on the L. and Y. Railway, was the rendezvous, and from this place the excursionists, who had arrived by train, started at 10 a.m., their number being thirty-two, including : MR. E. BINNEY, F.R.S., President ; Mr. E. HULL, F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland ; PROFESSOR STANLEY JEVONS ; Captain AITKEN, F.G.S.;

* A botanical friend at my elbow whispers that I am rather at sea here. Winter, he tells me, is the best time for collecting and examining the mosses.

Mr. THOS. BROOKS; Mr. R. A. ESKRIGGE, F.G.S., President of the Liverpool Geological Society; Mr. JOHN KNOWLES; Mr. G. C. GREENWELL, F.G.S.; Mr. J. E. FORBES, F.G.S.; Dr. KERR; Mr. J. PLANT, F.G.S.; and other well-known scientists.

The quarries at Stubbins Vale were first visited. The stone obtained here is the Upper Millstone Grit; handsome, clean, retaining its colour, of a durable nature, and consequently well adapted for building purposes. In getting the stone, large compact incrustations of carbonate of lime are occasionally met with. These are found embedded in the rock, their formation being due to the presence of quantities of limestone lying as drift on the surface. The water, in trickling over this, carries down through the crevices of the rock particles of the carbonate of lime, which being deposited in the hollows, assumes, in the course of time, compact and curiously moulded masses.

From this point the company steered their course along the highway leading into the turnpike road a little above the village of Edenfield. A motley, and to the uninitiated, an inexplicable appearance the excursionists presented, certainly, as they turned into the main road. The majority shod with strong, heavy shoes, their legs encased in knickerbockers, and the more enthusiastic among them with hammer in hand, the invariable companion of the practical geologist. One of the company remarked that the singular procession had somewhat the appearance of a perambulation to view the metes and bounds of some ancient manor or lordship. To the onlookers it probably bore more resemblance to a freebooters' raid. That the impression produced upon the minds of some of the rustics was none of the best, might be conjectured from the circumstance that many of them followed the group over the fields at a respectable distance, evidently in expectation of shortly seeing a ring

formed for pugilistic purposes in a secluded corner of the valley.

Diverging from the road, the company took over the railed enclosure of the fields at Edenwood. An aged dame here screamed out to the foremost man, who had just got one leg over the fence :

“Hi, felley! thae maun’t go that gate! Thae’lt get lost i’ thae does; there’s no road theer, mon !”

“Howd thi’ noise, mother,” said a younger woman, with a baby in her arms, coming out of the house to take stock of the strangers, “He’s big enough to tak’ care o’ his sel’!”

The last speaker was right. Captain AITKEN, for it was he who had excited the old woman’s commiseration, does strike one as being able enough, particularly when donned in geologist fashion, to take care of himself, and half a score more for that matter.

The party had scarcely got clear of the fence, and were moving forward up the glen, when a band of "Doffers" from the adjoining factories, on the look out for squalls, getting a wind of what was going forward, came running at full speed. Never at a loss for a salutation, the cotton imps began shouting with all the power of their lungs,

"Turn 'um back! Turn 'um back! Tur-r-r-n 'um back!"

Perceiving, however, that any general reference to the company produced but little impression, one of the biggest boys, selecting the most conspicuous figure in the group, broke in with,—

"Now, lads, let's o' gi' a sheawt for 'im wi' th' billycock!"

Chorus of Doffers,—"'Im wi' th' billycock!
Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoor—ah!"

Seeing that "im wi' th' billycock" was no less a person than the learned President,

Mr. BINNEY, F.R.S., ever ready with his kind word of encouragement to the novice, and his cheerful joke withal, the excursionists themselves felt strongly tempted to respond to the call of the mischievous urchins, and give three cheers for "im wi' th' billycock!"

It had been arranged that the Fo' Edge Quarries should be visited, and with this intention the company proceeded up the picturesque glen known by the name of "Dearden Clough." Here is a rich field for the student of geology. Following the brook side, the more industrious members, with hammer in hand, sought out the stones and shale which might be expected to contain the fossil remains of animals or plants. The rocks in *situ* were carefully examined and commented on, and their nature and position in the earth's stratification determined. The line of the great "fault" between Scout Moor and Fo' Edge was successfully traced near to the

head of the Clough. At this point, the rocks which had previously been seen near Plunge Mill, and for some distance lower down the valley, were found thrown up to the surface, at a height of from three to four hundred feet above their previous level. The line of the fault was distinctly visible in the bed of a small tributary to the main stream ; and in this place the shales were found standing quite in a vertical position. A little lower down, a seam of impure cannel, about a foot in thickness, was found imbedded in the rock. At the head of the clough, Mr. HULL drew attention to a landslip of great extent, embracing an area of twenty to thirty acres, and which had clearly enough diverted the course of the mountain stream.

Dearden Clough, or as it is named in one part of its course, "Th' Arks o' Dearden," is bounded on one side by Scout Moor, the property of Lord Derby, and on the other by

the copyhold lands of the Duke of Buccleuch. These ridges are of the bleakest character, and stretch gloomily along each side of the glen. This latter possesses a good deal of picturesque and quiet beauty, and is a favourite resort of some of our Lancashire authors and artists. On the morning in question, the valley was seen to advantage. The mountain streams were fringed with myriads of icicles pendant from the overhanging vegetation ; and, viewed from a distance, appeared like streaks of silver threading the brown heath. Along the margin of the main stream, the spray which had fallen upon the rushes, in trickling down, had been arrested in its course by "John Frost," and made to assume the most fantastic and beautiful forms.

But the excursionists had now reached the farmhouse at Fo' Edge, to which there is a passing allusion in Edwin Waugh's tale of the

“Barrel Organ.” Here, by the thoughtful hospitality of Mr. BROOKS, a repast in the shape of luncheon, at once rich and substantial, awaited the company. The President, with his usual wisdom, remarked by way of advice, that a geologist, above all mortals, should be studiously careful to fortify well the inner man, in order to enable him successfully to pursue his arduous labours by field and fell. Whatever differences of opinion may exist amongst the fraternity on certain points, they appear at least to be thoroughly agreed on this: the sentiment of the President was received with universal acclaim! Here, in the bleakest and barest of situations, yet in the midst of unexpected plenty, the excursionists spent a pleasant half hour, till they were *vino ciboque gravati*.

On leaving the hospitable cot of “Owd Bill,” the party proceeded to complete the ascent to the summit of the hill, and thence

followed the ridge in the direction of Brandwood Moor. The view from the crest at this point is very fine, embracing, as it does, the Rossendale valley and its several offshoots, and the whole of the surrounding hills. The characteristic features of these are a rounded equality of surface, smooth and almost unbroken. They do not, as a rule, present those rugged, craggy, precipitous outlines which distinguish the limestone formations, and for that reason they are not so picturesque in appearance as the hills in some other parts of the country. Nevertheless, they are noble in their proportions, and in their garb of russet brown ; and, whilst they are less attractive to the spirit of the adventurous climber, they are safer to the ways of the more contemplative pedestrian. From a geological point of view, their quarries, and the causes that have contributed to the formation of the whole strata of which the hills are composed, are full of interest.

If the Rossendale hills are not greatly distinguished for their height, at least they are remarkable for their number. Enumerating the highest of them, and beginning with the Cliviger range on the eastern confines of the district, we have Thieveley Pike, 1474 feet above sea level. Dirplay, or Deerplay Hill, 1429 feet, noted as being the place where the river Irwell takes its rise. Heald Moor, 1417 feet, the moorland ridge to the right of the Irwell springs. Tooter Hill, wide of Sharneyford, and 1420 feet above the sea level,—from “toot” to *look out*; or as has been ingeniously and reasonably suggested, from “Töt,” the hill of the Celtic or British god of that name; or from “Teut” or “Teutates,” a name under which the Gauls and Druids worshipped Thoth or Mercury; or again, as Dr. Kerr conjectures, the “Tooter,” or Hornblower’s hill. Hogshead Law, to the left of the Whitworth valley, and 1460 feet in altitude. The Hyle, 1150 feet high, lying to the right of the

valley going from Bacup towards Waterfoot. Seat Naze, 990 feet in height, to the left of the Dean valley above Edgeside Holme. Coupe Law, 1438 feet, overlooking the Irwell valley above Hareholme. Hameldon Hill, 1342 feet, at the extreme north-western boundary. Chapel Hill, looking down on the Crawshawbooth valley; and, lastly, Cribden, 1317 feet above sea level, rearing its broad shoulders over Rawtenstall on one side, and overlooking the town of Haslingden on the other.

The effect of the great altitude of most of the peaks named is considerably diminished by the circumstance that the hills themselves are not isolated from base to summit, but occur as higher points upon the lofty ridges that bound the several valleys on either side. If this were otherwise, their elevated character would be more apparent and impressive.

Seated on an elevated plateau, with the company around him, the President gave an outline of the district which had been explored, pointing out its main geological features, from the upper millstone grit to the "Pease Pudding" rock, (used as a road stone), through the black shales met with at Holcombe, and containing three thin coal seams; then to the shaly beds having thin seams of flags; and above these again the Fo' Edge flags; thence to the rough rock, or upper millstone grit of the survey. Then describing the formation of the valleys, now seen from the brow of the hill to stretch far away on the right hand and on the left. The irregular shape and contour of the country was due to a number of causes, the chief agents in the work being the sea, the streams, and the atmosphere. Geologists were not willing to confine themselves to any single cause in trying to account for the scooping out of the valleys, but would accept any and all that could

reasonably be suggested. The strata found in Rossendale and the adjoining districts were precisely similar to those underlying the Burnley coal basin to the north, and the great Lancashire coal fields to the south ; consequently the company might correctly be described as standing on a vast arch, its crown being immediately under their feet, and its two ends terminating below the afore-mentioned districts. The whole district of Rossendale and adjacent places was once an immense plain, level with the summit of its highest hills ; and, in the course of ages, the valleys were eroded, or scooped out, and so made to assume their present form. The "Coupe Fault" was described, and its locality pointed out; as also the higher and lower flag rock at Hell Clough and Rake Head ; and it was an interesting circumstance that the whole of the lower coal measures were represented on the Brandwood side of the valley. Specimens of the gannister rock, scattered in vast quantities

in the water channels on Brandwood Moor, were examined by the company. This substance is largely used in some districts, being ground up, and afterwards moulded, like fire clay, into bricks of a highly refractory character.

Proceeding along the ridge by way of Stubbylee, the geologists and their friends shortly reached the head of the Irwell Valley, where terminated the excursion and the day's proceedings, the pleasure attending which will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be participators.





ROSSENDALE ;

*Past and Present.**

FROM an almost profitless tract of country, the Forest of Rossendale, within a period of three hundred and seventy years has grown to be a flourishing and important section of the County Palatine.

Previous to, and at the time of the Norman Conquest, the four forests of Pendle, Trawden,

*This sketch (excepting some recent additions) was contributed to the "Proceedings of the *Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society*."

Rossendale, and Accrington, were embraced in the general name of "The Forest of Blackburnshire"; and though the different divisions of that Forest were probably well-known by their distinctive appellations, we may form a fair estimate of the limited extent of occupation and cultivation throughout this portion of the county of Lancaster in those remote times, from a consideration of the significant and interesting fact, that the broad and far extending woodlands were so dovetailed one into the other, as to justify the title which included them all in one vast, wide-reaching Forest. The area of the whole is about $76\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, or 48,945 statute acres, the superficial extent of Rossendale, which is the largest of the four, being about 32 square miles, or 20,305 statute acres, inclusive of the portion situated in the township of Spotland. Its great natural and prominent boundaries are Flour-scar, Cliviger Moor, Hameldon Hill, Cribden Hill, Coupe

Law, Brandwood Moor, and Tooter Hill. The Booths called Musbury, and Yate and Pickup Bank, though detached from Rossendale proper, and lying outside of the boundary specified, are, nevertheless, reckoned as part of the Forest.

The ancient Chase or Forest of Rossendale has no Roman history. No remains Roman in character, (with the exception of the road through Musbury leading to Ribchester), so far as has yet been ascertained, have ever been discovered within its boundaries. Whilst that powerful race, the inhabitants of the ancient mistress of the world, remarkable for their proficiency alike in the arts of war and peace, have left behind them in neighbouring localities abundant memorials of their former presence and possession, it would seem as though Rossendale had held out no inducements to tempt them to its fastnesses, or to lead any of them to select it as their place of habitation.

The uncivilized Britons, who doubtless constituted its first inhabitants, scant in number, and barbarous in their social and domestic habits and in their religious customs, were probably permitted by the Roman invaders of the island to remain unmolested in their primitive retreat.

Equally wanting is Rossendale in early British relics. If the religious rites and ceremonies of our half-naked and painted ancestors were ever performed within the glades of the Forest, the monumental remains of their druidical worship have disappeared in the long centuries which have elapsed since their occupation of the land. But it is safe to conclude that the Forest was too sparsely populated ever to have been selected as the site of the imposing and often cruel religious pageants of our barbarian forefathers. Their dwellings, generally of the rudest construction, were not calculated to

survive the storms of time, or even the less formidable influences of the changeful seasons. These, therefore, have also perished, leaving behind them no trace of their existence.

The natural features of a country or a district are usually its most permanent monuments ; and if we turn to the hills and other localities comprised within or bordering upon the district under consideration, we find that many of their present names—as, for example, Crag, Cridden or Cribden, Cliviger, Hameldon—are of British origin.

That the Forest of Rossendale was the resort, probably for centuries both before and after the Roman era, of wild animals of different kinds, is sufficiently attested by names which exist to the present time. The wild boar tribe has left behind it tokens of its presence, deeper and more ineffaceable than the marks of its warlike

tusks upon the trees of its favourite haunts. There is no mistaking the parentage of such names as Boarsgreave, Hogshead, Sowclough, and Swinshaw. The wolf, ferocious and cowardly, has disappeared from its lurking place in the Forest, but there are still retained the evidences of its occupation in the names, Wolfenden, Wolfenden-Booth, and Wolfstones. That a species of wild oxen ranged the hills and hollows where now domestic animals graze, is proved by remains of horns and bones from time to time disentombed from the *debris* deposited in the valleys by the mountain streams whose courses have been diverted, or whose beds have been narrowed or appropriated to other uses.

The different varieties of the deer tribe, it is well-known, were denizens of the forest, and no doubt supplied both food and raiment to the partially clothed human inhabitants in this and

surrounding neighbourhoods. Names having reference to the deer and its kindred are plentiful throughout the district ; there is Deer-play, Stacksteads [Stag-steads], Staghills, Cridden or Cribden, which, says the historian of Whalley, “is pretty obviously *keiru don*, the Hill of Stags. It is precisely such an elevation as that animal affects during the heat of summer, while the fallow-deer graze on the plains or slopes beneath ; and it might continue to merit an appellation acquired in the remotest ages of antiquity till within less than three centuries of the present time.” Bacup, or Baycop, the cop or hillock, according to the same authority, where the deer stood at bay. Rockliffe, or rather Roclyffe, as it is given in ancient documents, the cliff that afforded shelter to, or was the favourite haunt of the roe-buck. Staghills, Harthill, Buckearth, and others.

Wild animals of an inferior class were also plentiful, such as the badger, the otter, the fox,

the wild cat and the weasel; and in regard to the ubiquitous squirrel, it is affirmed that, without once touching *terra firma*, it could traverse the Forest, leaping from bough to bough of the thick intermingling trees, from Rawtenstall to its extreme eastern limits at Sharneyford.

Rossendale is not rich in relics, but for extent and importance the "Dyke" or "Dykes" at Broadclough, near Bacup, eclipse a multitude of lesser remains to be found in other localities. The work is described by Dr. WHITAKER as "an intrenchment to which no tradition is annexed that may serve to ascertain either its antiquity, or the end it was designed to answer. It is cut from the gentle slope of a rising ground, in one direction, nearly parallel to the horizon, for more than six hundred yards in length, not exactly in a right line, but following the little curvatures of the surface. In one part of the

line, for about one hundred yards, it appears to have been levelled, and in another, where it crosses a clough, is not very distinct ; but more than four hundred yards of the line exhibit a trench, eighteen yards broad in the bottom, and of proportionate depth : a most gigantic and at the same time almost inexplicable work, as it could only have been intended for military purposes ; and yet, in its present state, must have been almost useless as a fortification—for, though it would have defended a great army in front, yet their flanks might have been turned with the greatest ease, and the whole might have been destroyed in their trenches, from the high grounds which immediately command it. On the whole, I am inclined to think it one side of a vast British camp, which was intended to have been carried round the crown of the hill, but for some reason, never to be recovered by us, was left in its present unfinished and useless state. Abating for the herbage with

which it is covered, the present appearance of it is precisely that of an unfinished modern canal, though much deeper and wider in its dimensions."

The same monument of antiquity is alluded to in a paper entitled, "The Battle of Brunanburh, and the probable Locality of the Conflict," by Mr. T. T. WILKINSON, who remarks that "its construction can only have been suggested by temporary necessities, since it has evidently been abandoned in an unfinished state."

There are several features of interest connected with the Dyke worthy of remark, which have either escaped the observation of those who have already described it, or for some other reason are left unnoticed by them. In several parts of the work, in patches throughout its entire length, and within twenty-four or thirty inches from the upper surface, where the herbage is worn off, the shale and soil are clearly visible in their

natural, undisturbed layers, proving beyond question that the earth-wall or rampart has not been formed from the loose material dug from the trench, but that, as at present seen, the height of the Dyke, which is eleven or twelve feet in the deepest part, corresponds to the depth of the original excavation. It therefore becomes interesting to enquire how the super-abundant soil was disposed of. Either this was originally thrown up by those employed in its construction, so as to form a wall throughout the entire extent, or it was removed to some adjacent hollow in the hill side. If the former, then the original Dyke must have been nearly double its present height, because the hill which rises to the rear of the earth-work is a continuation of the gradual and regular slope of the land lying below, and extending to the turnpike road; or else a second Dyke in advance of the first was constructed, and which, being composed of loose material, has been levelled by time.

With respect to, and in support of the second conjecture, that the soil was removed to some contiguous hollow, the tenant occupying the farm on which the Dyke is located affirms that he has repeatedly had occasion to dig trenches in its vicinity, a little distance below, nearer to the turnpike road ; and although he has gone to a depth of six, eight, and even ten feet, he has invariably found the soil to be of a loose and apparently filled up character, largely mixed with fragments of sticks and bark, and other substances foreign to the soil in its natural bed. He also states that the earth is of such a friable nature that, though only at a depth of three feet from the surface, he has had occasion to shore up the sides of the trench with timber, to prevent them falling in—in short, altogether differing from the material of an excavation through a natural deposit. The work extends from the farm called “Dykes House,” to the edge of “Whitaker’s Clough,” but is not continuous

throughout its entire length, being obliterated or levelled in the centre for a considerable space ; the entrance to the north-easterly end being through a cleft or cutting in the earthwork.

I do not coincide in the view taken both by DR. WHITAKER and MR. WILKINSON, "that it has evidently been abandoned in an unfinished state," because it was not carried round the crown of the hill. There is nothing about the work which in the least indicates any such intention on the part of those with whom it originated. To have carried it over the hill would have been a stupendous undertaking indeed, as any one viewing the ground will readily admit. But even supposing it had been so carried, the work, according to this theory, would still have been incomplete, unless the rampart had been continued either along the summit or on the other side, and over the hill a second time to unite its extremities, thus

forming a continuous wall. Neither am I prepared to agree that it was easily accessible by an attacking force from the east, thus rendering a flanking operation easy of accomplishment. It should be borne in mind that the nature of the approaches to the work has undergone a material alteration since the time of its construction. It is in the highest degree probable, amounting almost to a certainty, that the rising ground to the rear and at its extremities was protected by natural defences in the shape of trees, and a thick undergrowth of shrubs, forming an abattis which would readily be strengthened by the ingenuity of the defenders, and than which, even at the present day, with all the appliances of modern warfare, few better means of protection or defence could be wished for or devised.

The careful investigations of MR. WILKINSON have invested this singular work with more of

interest than had before been associated with it, by his having, with marked ability and perseverance, collected together a mass of exhaustive evidence, with regard to the much debated locality of the great struggle between the Saxons and the Danes, which he endeavours, and most successfully, to show, is to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Burnley ; and in connexion with which the earthwork in question constituted, probably, a not unimportant adjunct.

I am not aware that any considerable relics have been found within the Forest which would connect the district more immediately with the military presence of the Saxons and Danes ; but this may have arisen for want of the frequent use of the plough in the fields. So strong however, are the probabilities in favour of the conjecture that the Dyke constituted a portion of the line of defensive works in connection with

the great battle strife, that it is not at all unlikely that some other memorials of the time may yet be discovered in the locality.

The beacon remains on the neighbouring hills, which may have been successively used by Britons, Romans, Saxons and Danes, are highly interesting monuments of antiquity. The one on Thieveley Pike is distinctly marked, and is a complete circle, in the form of a basin, the circumference round the centre of the embankment being about eighty feet; many of the stones within the ring and in the immediate vicinity bear evident marks of having been charred or scorched by fire.

On a clear day a magnificent view is obtained from the Pike, embracing, to the west, Hameldon Hill, and the country stretching far beyond to the Irish Sea; to the north-west, Pendle Hill, Ingleborough, and Pennyghent; while due north

are Worsthorn and Beadle Hill; to the east, Black Hameldon, and, inclining a little further south, Stoodley Pike; more southerly still, Tooter Hill, below Sharneyford, and the bleak profile of Blackstoneedge; while nearly due south are Coupe Law, Cribden, Musbury Tor, Holcombe Hill, and, beyond, the great plain of Lancashire. Occupying, as it does, a central position, the beacon lights of Thieveley would blazon forth their ominous signals, and answering fires would soon flare on every surrounding hill. This is no vague unsubstantial picture of the imagination; the existing vestiges of occupation by one or other, or all of the primitive tribes in succession, speak a language that can scarcely be misunderstood.

The River Irwell takes its rise in Cliviger, in a large tract of moorland, which at one time constituted a part of the Forest. Owing, however, to the carelessness or indifference of the

proprietors residing in Bacup Booth, or probably to the superior cunning or unscrupulousness of those of Cliviger, this extensive tract was lost to Rossendale and became a part of Cliviger. The pack-road, called the "Limersgate," winds along the Rossendale side of the Cliviger ridge, and from thence away onward over the hills to Yorkshire. This is one of the most ancient roads in the locality, and in past times was the favourite route from the west across the country to the adjoining counties; being travelled not only by the common people, but by the ecclesiastics and nobles of the land, in all the pomp of ancient dignity, and with the train of followers and retainers who, in bygone days more than at present, constantly hovered near the footsteps of those born to high estate. It is in the immediate vicinity of this ancient track, now so overgrown with grass and brown heath as scarcely to be distinguished from the other parts of the moor, that the River Irwell takes its rise;

and we may with propriety assume that its neighbourhood would be a familiar and welcome halting-place for man and beast.

Rossendale, from time immemorial, has been a favourite hunting ground ; and there are, doubtless, still to be found in the Forest, sportsmen as stout of heart and lithe of limb as ever cleared dyke or ditch in the blithe days of yore ; but, alas ! the quality of the sportsman's game has woefully degenerated from its pristine excellence. Gone from within its bounds is that right royal brute, the stag ; the wild boar and the wolf have given place to a civilization which tolerates not their existence ; even the wily fox has disappeared from its hill sides, and no frugal housewife now laments her spoliated hen-roost. The timid hare alone remains to kindle the huntsman's enthusiasm, and wake the "volleyed thunder" of the eager pack.

“The Deans of Whalley, like other ancient and dignified ecclesiastics,” says WHITAKER, “were mighty hunters, and enjoyed the right of chase:—firstly, to a considerable extent in other manors adjoining to their own domains; and secondly, within the forests themselves.” It is narrated of LIWLPHUS, one of the Deans of Whalley, that whilst hunting in the Forest of Rossendale, at a place called Deansgreve, he cut off the tail of a wolf, and in consequence of this incident acquired the appellation of “Cutwulph,” being afterwards known by the name of “Liwlphus Cutwulph.” This circumstance happened about the reign of King Canute (1016-1035), in whose time the aforementioned Dean lived.

The disforesting of the Forest, which was decreed and commenced during the latter years of the reign of Henry VII., and completed in the reign of Henry VIII., in conformity with

the expressed desire of the inhabitants, is the time from which we must date the beginning of the progress of the district. The disforesting is thus referred to in a decree of the Chancellor of the Duchy of the County of Lancaster of the 4th year of Edward VI.—

“Whereas it appears by a Bill of Supplication of the
“Inhabitants of Rossendale, that the Forrest of Ros-
“sendale 44 years ago or thereabouts, being replenished
“with a few and small number of People, or in manner
“none at that time did inhabit, other than the forresters
“and such other as were appointed to and for the
“oversight of the Deer; and that the late excellent
“Princes and Kings of worthy and famous memory,
“King Henry the 7th and King Henry the 8th, by
“the advice of their most Honourable Counsels, most
“graciously considered, that if the Deer were taken out
“of and from the said forrest, that then the same was
“like to come and be brought and applyed to some good
“purpose, as the commonwealth might be increased
“thereby; and therefore the said Kings gave in com-
“mandment, and caused not only that the said Deer
“should be killed and destroyed, but also, that the
“ground within the said forrest should be letten out to
“such of the Inhabitants as wod take the same, and
“had made thereof to the intent the same forrest might,
“for the great increase of God’s glory and the Common-

“wealth of this Realme, be inhabited ; and by force
“thereof and to that intent, the said Forrest was dis-
“forrested and granted, demised and let forth, in divers
“sorts, some part for term of years, and part to hold by
“copie of Court Roll, after which leases and grants as is
“aforsaid had and made, the said Inhabitants and takers
“thereof have Edified and Builded houses and Tents
“within the said Forrest, and have inhabited the same ;
“so that where before that time was nothing else but
“Deer and other savage and wild beasts, there is since
“then, by the industry and labour of the Inhabitants, grown
“to be a very good and fertile ground ; and the same
“at this day is become very populous, and well inhabited,
“and replenished with a great number of people.”

At the period mentioned above, the castle and church of Clitheroe was the parish church of the inhabitants of the Forest, and to this they had resort until the time of the building of the original chapel at Newchurch. These circumstances are thus referred to in the same document as follows,—

“The way leading between the said parish church (at Clitheroe) and the said forrest is very foule, painfull
“and Hillous, and the country in the wintry season
“is so extreamly and vehemently cold, that the Children
“and Young Infants in that time of the year, being

“borne to the Church to be christened, are in great peril
“of their lives, and almost starved with cold ; the aged
“and impotent persons, and women great with child, are
“not able to travail so far to hear the Word of God, and
“to learn and be instructed therein to do their duties to
“God, and to their King ; and the dead corpses there
“like to Lye and remain unburied, at such time as any
“that doth die and depart this world, for lack of carriage,
“untill such time as great annoyance do grow to the
“King’s subjects there, by reason that the said Parish
“Church is so far distant from the said forrest, and the
“ways so foule. And whereas also, before this time,
“the premises considered, the Inhabitants of the said
“forrest, about the space of 38 years past or thereabouts,
“at their own proper cost and charges, made a Chapel
“of ease in the said Forrest of Rossendale. The charges
“of every of them in the said Chapel hath been from
“time to time to an honest minister, who hath with all
“diligence ministered to the said inhabitants there in the
“said Chapel, God’s most holy word.”

It was accordingly decreed by the Chancellor and Council of the Duchy, that the inhabitants of the Forest should from thenceforth have, use, and enjoy the said chapel, together with a parcel of ground, enclosed and environed with a hedge called the chapel yard, for ever.

The original chapel at Newchurch, which is the one referred to above, was erected in the year 1511, being the second year of the reign of Henry VIII. The structure was of meagre dimensions, and humble in character, suited to the wants and worldly estate of a scanty and not wealthy people. In the year 1560, the third of the reign of Elizabeth, the original building having become inadequate to the accommodation of a rapidly-increasing population, was taken down and replaced by a more substantial erection. This latter served for a period of 263 years, when, becoming dilapidated, it was in the year 1824-5 rebuilt and enlarged.

A legend is current concerning the original church of second Henry VIII. It would appear that the intention of the founders was to build it on or near to the site of the (late) workhouse at Mitchell-field-nook, about a mile distant, and that the material for the structure was deposited

at that place, when one morning it was discovered that the whole had been transported overnight by some unseen power to the hill side on which the church stands. Not to be diverted from their purpose, the inhabitants again conveyed the materials to the place which they had originally fixed upon, and appointed a watch to frustrate any further attempts at removal. But one night, as the watch slumbered at his post—an enchanted sleep probably—the unseen hands had again been busy, with similar results. A third time the materials were deposited on the chosen site, and, on this occasion, three of the inhabitants appointed to keep watch and ward. As these sat toasting their noses at a wood fire they had kindled, an old lady with kindly countenance, coming past, saluted them with a pleasant "Good e'en," at the same time offering them each a share of some refreshment which she carried in her hand. This they had no sooner partaken of than a

profound drowsiness overtook them, ending in a deep and protracted sleep, from which in the morning they were aroused by the shouts of the bewildered rustics, who came only to find that the pranks had a third time been repeated. So, yielding to the decision of a power which was not to be out-maneuvred, the builders erected the church on its present site.

At the present time there are ten churches in the district, and forty-two chapels belonging to other denominations; altogether fifty-two places of worship, most of them having Sunday schools, and many of them day schools attached.

As the manners and customs of society undergo change, new officers are called into existence to suit the altered conditions of men and property; while dignitaries of ancient note, who were once considered to be indispensable

for the due administration of the affairs of the times, gradually withdraw from our sight, to exist only by name in the archives of the past. But not only do offices once important become, in the lapse of time, altogether obsolete ; the duties of some of those which continue to exist, change, or are greatly modified by the fleeting manners of each succeeding age. These remarks are specially applicable to the office of Grave, Greave, or Reeve, an important functionary here in days of yore, and wielding a considerable share of authority within his jurisdiction.

Before the introduction of the Magistracy into the district ; when "Guardians of the Poor," as we now understand the term, had no existence therein ; and when Local Boards were unknown ; Rossendale was governed by one of these officers, who bore the title of "Greave of the Forest."

The duties of the Greave were of the most onerous and responsible kind ; but they also descended to matters the most trivial and unimportant. Nothing seems to have been too weighty for him to undertake, nothing too insignificant to claim his attention. The volume containing the accounts of the Greave of the Forest from the year 1691 down to 1820 is still preserved at Newchurch, and from this we learn that he was the Taxing-officer and " Bang-beggar" of the district. At one time we find him closely engaged in tracking the footsteps, or in collecting evidence for the prosecution of some notorious criminal ; at another he is relieving the necessities of a poor half-starved tramp on his way to Yorkshire, or it might be to Liverpool, in the opposite direction. Now he is taking measures to ascertain the number, and prepare a return accordingly, of all the able-bodied men within the Forest capable of serving the King his Majesty in " his most just and holy wars ;" and again he is providing a brank or bridle

for "scouldinge women," or giving instructions for the repair of the Stocks at Crawshawbooth or Bacup, or of the Guide-post at Four-lane-ends. One day he is superintending the erection of a dungeon at one of the villages ; on another he is ordering a staff or truncheon, and a pair of "steel ruffles" (handcuffs), for the use of the village constable. The Precepts of the High Constable of the Hundred were all addressed to the Greave, who levied the rates, and was responsible for the proportionate share required to be contributed by the Forest towards the County expenses.

The fulfilment of the office of Greave, which was by no means a sinecure, seems not to have been optional. The person nominated was bound to serve either personally or by deputy. Though the best families of the district were nominally the Greaves of the Forest, they seldom performed the drudgery of the office. The plan of hiring a deputy, and sometimes two,

was generally resorted to ; and it frequently happened that one person discharged the duties for several consecutive years, being hired by different Greaves in succession. The Greave was nominated by the principal landowners in the locality, his appointment taking place at the Halmot Court of the Lord of the Manor, held on Michaelmas Day in each year. Of late years this officer's duties have been much circumscribed, being limited to a periodical attendance at the Halmot Court, and the summoning of juries for the transaction of business appertaining thereto. Among other old customs still maintained at this court, is the appointment of an Ale Taster. The duties belonging to this office (obsolete in most places) are still regularly fulfilled in Rossendale by an officer who does credit to the appointment.

The inhabitants of the Forest of Rossendale are proverbial for their shrewd, enterprising

character. Possessing largely the faculty of acquiring and accumulating money, they combine therewith the gift of a wise economy in spending it. With praiseworthy industry they have surrounded their firesides with those material comforts which are denied by Nature to the unfruitful soil of their district. And yet to charge Nature with withholding her bountiful hand were ungenerous. The abundant supply of coal, the almost inexhaustible mines of excellent stone which crop out on every slope, and the numberless streams that travel down the hill sides to the bosom of the ample valley below; all these Nature has bestowed on Rossendale with lavish prodigality, and all have contributed to raise her to her present importance as a manufacturing district.

There is little of what is called "ancient blood" in the locality. A few of the oldest families can trace their ancestors back through

two or three centuries, but the chief men of wealth and position have risen from the ranks. The spirit of absenteeism has never prevailed to any extent amongst those who have amassed fortunes in the district, and this is one key to its success and growing importance. They live, as a rule, in the locality, and many of them take an active interest in its progress. The numerous tasteful residences which adorn the hill-sides, and whose cultivated grounds, neatly laid out and planted, relieve the landscape, are evidences of a healthy state of society, and of a prevailing desire that the prosperity of the ancient Forest shall be as permanent as it has been rapid.

The increase in the amount and value of property in any district is chiefly dependent on the growth of the population therein. This fact receives striking confirmation in the population statistics of the Forest of Rossendale. At the time of the building of the "New

Church," in 1511, the population probably did not exceed 200 souls; about nine years before they numbered only 20. In 1551, or forty years afterwards, they had grown to 1000, young and old. While one hundred years later, during the Commonwealth, they had increased to about 3,000 or 3,500 souls. At the present time the population is probably close on 60,000.

Rossendale, as I first remember it, just thirty years ago, was in some respects different to the Rossendale of to-day. Its population at that time was only one half what it is at present, and the district was altogether more rural and sylvan in character. The introduction of the railway about that period was the beginning of a revolution which is still in progress. Increase of population, and improved carrying and travelling facilities have their advantages in the enhanced value of land and other property which results; but they have their drawbacks

also ; and whilst submitting to, and even welcoming, the inevitable, we are constrained to bewail, with Mr. RUSKIN, the havoc that is wrought in Arcadia when trade and manufactures prevail.

As is said of the Oldham district, so with equal truth it may be said of Rossendale, that "here they grow factory chimneys instead of trees." But notwithstanding the presence of the numerous tall chimneys, there are some charming bits of scenery in Rossendale. Amongst these may be mentioned the view of the Waterfoot and Hareholme valley, and the village of Newchurch, obtained from the opposite hill sides, below Coupe Law ; of the Dean Valley from Seat Naze, or from the ridge above Broadclough ; and the Sunnyside and Crawshaw-booth valley from the slopes of Chapel Hill. But, indeed, the panorama that extends on every side, as viewed from any of the hill summits in the district is of an agreeable and

imposing character. The constant presence of hills, with all the associations connected with their venerable antiquity, is an ever-abiding source of interest and wonder to the thoughtful dweller in their midst. As the scars and ridges on the human face lend character to the man, so do the hills and valleys give character to a district. We feel that there is such of history there as no extent of level plain, however interminable, can contribute.

A word or two on the climate of Rossendale. If the hills, always noble objects in themselves, rising on each side of the valley, serve to create purifying currents of air, healthful and invigorating in their action, they entail certain disadvantages upon the residents in their locality,—disadvantages which are common to most mountainous districts,—they bring down the rain in plentiful abundance. This, combined with the heavy nature of the soil, and its thick

substratum of clay, renders the climate damp and foggy; and, in certain directions of the wind, exceptionally cold, anything but congenial to delicate organizations. A healthy and strong constitution will thrive and grow stronger amidst the air of the Rossendale hills, but for persons of delicate frame, there are doubtless more desirable places of abode. With its abundant rains, however, Rossendale possesses advantages which it would be unfair to overlook ; they fill its wells to overflowing, providing copious supplies of water for domestic and sanitary purposes ; and they cleanse the streets of its villages.

Rossendale is essentially a manufacturing valley. Its agricultural capabilities are not such as to attract the husbandman, or adequately to repay him for his toil. Its prevailing formation being rock, and its soil of a clayey character, it possesses but few of those features of

beneficent vegetation, so grateful to the eye, which distinguish the limestone and some other districts. Dairy farming is the only class of agriculture which is profitable here. Butter and milk of good average quality are produced ; and the abundant population of the valleys supplies the farmer with a ready market for the sale of those commodities.

The trade of the district is a subject of interest. In the latter years of the reign of Henry VIII. the woollen manufacture was introduced into the district, and during a period of about 300 years formed the staple trade. The chief goods produced in this industry are baizes, and of recent years felted carpets have been extensively made ; the printing of these and some few woven goods forming an important item in the local industry. The trade of silk weaving was at one time, near the beginning of the present century, followed to some extent in

Rossendale; as was also the manufacture of ginghams (a fabric having a cotton warp, and linen weft) but this never assumed proportions of any great magnitude, and at the present time is not found anywhere in the locality.

The cotton manufacture was destined to take deeper root in the district. To the introduction of this branch of manufactures, more than to all the other causes combined, is undoubtedly due the remarkable increase which has taken place in the population of Rossendale within the present century. To the development of this trade are also to be attributed the accumulation of wealth in many hands, the greatly augmented value of the rateable property, and the advancement of the inhabitants in material prosperity and comfort. It is probable that the cotton manufacture, which began to assume importance in this country about the middle of the 17th century, did not find its way into Rossendale till

near the end of the century following. It is not easy to determine with certainty the exact date when cotton first began to be worked in the district ; there is, however, good reason to believe that no cotton goods were produced here prior to the year 1770. At the present time the capital invested in this branch of industry exceeds £2,000,000 ; a surprising result, truly, when it is remembered that, at one time, within the memory of persons still living, the whole of the cotton consumed in Rossendale was brought into the district on the backs of pack-horses ! Of trades directly dependent on the cotton manufacture, there are the cotton warp-sizers, reed and heald makers, and others ; and a large business is carried on in calico printing and dyeing. Rossendale has borne a conspicuous and honourable part in furthering the Co-operative movement, and in future years this will count for something in its history. In addition to the limited liability mills, there are nine Co-operative

Stores, carrying on a very large trade in the sale of groceries, drapery goods, and other commodities.

Stone abounds in the district in considerable variety, and of excellent quality, being durable, and of a good colour. Prior to 1848 the trade in this mineral was of very limited extent, being confined chiefly to the immediate district. Since that year, however, the trade has been gradually increasing, and at the present time it gives employment to a large number of workmen, skilled and otherwise, and absorbs a considerable amount of capital. The stone, which is suitable for all ordinary building and engineering purposes, is obtained from the quarries in the district, from blocks of many tons weight each, and of almost unlimited length, width, and depth, for any practical purpose, down to grey slates, half an inch in thickness. Some of the varieties for appearance and

durability are not to be surpassed in any district. Coal also is abundant, and has probably been got in quantities less or more for about three hundred years. Old workings, regarding which no records are known to exist, are often met with in the mines at present being worked. Some of these are of considerable extent. Rude implements of labour, chiefly wooden shovels, are occasionally met with in these deserted excavations.

Such was the Forest of Rossendale in the past, such is Rossendale in the present day ; and, in view of the facts, we must be ready to commend the foresight of those who, three hundred and seventy years ago, expressed the belief, that "If the Deer were taken out and from the said Forest, that then the same was likely to come and be brought and applied to some good purpose, so as that the commonwealth might be increased thereby."



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